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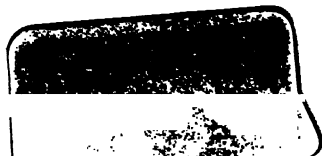
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# PATIENCE AND PERSEVERANCE;

OR,

## THE MODERN GRISELDA.

A Domestic Tale.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*SAYS SHE TO HER NEIGHBOUR, WHAT! &c.*

Well-order'd home, man's best delight to make;  
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
And sweeten all the toils of human life—  
This be the female dignity and praise.

THOMSON

VOL. III.



LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE  
Minerva-Press,

FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.,  
LEADENHALL-STREET.

1813.

249. s. 30.



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## *Patience and Perseverance.*

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### CHAP. I.

**T**HE short day had been closed several hours, and the lamps of the carriage been the only light of the travellers, when they arrived at the Grange. Wearied and faint, the sight of even the old-fashioned hall, lighted up by a cheerful fire, and the gladdened countenances of Tom and Gilbert, was extremely welcome to them; and sir Edward testified considerable pleasure at his arrival. A mournful, but not unpleasant sensation, pervaded the mind of Griselda; and as her looks wandered over every well-remembered article of furniture,

the forms of the departed flitted before her eyes; and she could scarce help listening to every step, as if her father's foot was still expected in the passage; and she took her coffee, in silent and awful oppression, unable to reply to the inquiries of sir Edward respecting the antique portraits that hung on the surrounding walls.

When they had taken this refreshment, Tom appeared, and with awkward, but well-meant bustle, prepared to take away the things, saying, that the parson having heard the carriage pass his house, had sent up his servant, to beg to know how my lady was ater her journey?

"Poor Mr. Berkeley," said Griselda, "my father's good old friend;" and the tears burst freely from her full heart.

Sir Edward was a man of too much sensibility, not to enter into her feelings; he desired Tom to present a proper message to Mr. Berkeley; and added, "I am heartily glad you have such a friend left, my love; he will be a great acquisition to us."

Tom.

Tom could contain no longer.—“ You ha a friend, please your honour, *too*, at’ll be a quizician an all, or I’s mistaken, no offence to parson Barkley, nor my lady nather, I hopes.”

“ Indeed, Tom! I should like to see him.” Tom flew away in an instant; and soon after, a noise was heard in the passage, as if the whole village in the neighbourhood was pouring in, while Tom cried in vain for silence.

“ What can the foolish fellow be doing now?”

Griselda wiped her eyes and smiled; the door opened, and Tom entered, leading Miss Nancy, in a new bridle; while the farmer, his son, and the other domestics, in their thick clogs, crowded forward to—“ Peep at my leady, an look at a horse in a parlour.”

“ What, Nancy here!” exclaimed the baronet; “ this is indeed a pleasant surprise; and the tear now started into *his* eye, as the grateful animal, at the first

sound of his voice, gave unequivocal tokens of her pleasure.

"She's in famous condition, your honour," said Tom, proudly surveying her; "I could ha got a thousand guineas for her in London, as soon as look; but zays I to the prince, zays I, my lord prince, my master wouldn't part wi this mare, to ne'er a duke in Christendom."

"But, Tom, what are all these good people about?"

"Please your honour, they are rather wildish and vulgar in these parts, and they've quite a curoosity to see yo and my lady like. Belike yo think they be looking ath mare, which, to be zure, would be quite naturable; but the're so ignorant, they have took very little notis of zhe; but there be maister Dixon, the bailiff, he be longin and longin, this week past, for a sight of my lady, as 'twere."

"Dixon," said lady Langdale, advancing to the group, who retired as she advanced; "where are you, Dixon? I have not forgot  
got

got you. I remember your getting me cluster-berries, and bringing me a cade lamb."

Dixon advanced, and made two or three unlucky attempts at a speech; which his wife observing, she edged forwards, hoping madam would excuse him for being such a gaw-vision, for she was sure he meant no harm; and they were all right glad to see her ladyship come to her own country again; and my lord sir Edward too: to be sure, t' Grange had never been hafe itself since his honour Harcourt left; but times would mend now, she made free to hope.

Griselda assured them of her good will, in terms suited to their comprehension; and they dispersed, all highly delighted; when Tom, as great as Roman conqueror in his triumphal car, retired with Miss Nancy; as he closed the door, sir Edward said, "Ah, Griselda, you have indeed the art of winning all hearts; and well do you deserve their homage!"

"Go on," said she, jestingly; "for you



flatter so pleasantly, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of believing you."

"No, I cannot go on; for your kind consideration to my every feeling, your delicate and generous anticipation of my wishes, excites a sense of gratitude which denies me the power of words."

"My dear, *dear* Edward, if you are happy, you give me a bliss beyond a name."

In this happy intercourse, thus passed the first evening of their residence in this deserted mansion; but, alas! morning came, and shewed all the dreariness of their solitude, under the appalling influence of a November sky.

"Is *this* the place, Griselda," said the baronet, "you could paint as another Eden? why the terrace you talked of is covered with potatoes, and the park is a huge stubble field: really, my dear, you indulged your poetical taste too far, when you described the Grange, for the beauties are principally fiction."

Such was sir Edward's salutation to his wife,

wife, on his opening the window-shutters of his bed-room. Astonished at his account, she sprang out of bed, and, with extreme mortification, beheld the truth of the account. Dressing in great trepidation, she ran down stairs, and made her way into the garden ; but every where the hand of Vandal barbarism was apparent: her greenhouse was converted into a piggery, and her flower-garden into a bleaching-yard. Mortifying as these circumstances were to herself, she felt them chiefly as they related to sir Edward, and trembled lest disgust with his new habitation should again induce him to enter the world, and the dreadful scenes she had so lately encountered be again presented, when her resources were all exhausted, her health ruined, and her mind unable to bear such reiterated sufferings.

Happily for both, however, sir Edward was as much inclined to laugh at some of Dixon's depredations, as to be angry at others ; and he listened, with great complacency,

placency, to the system of improvement suggested by Griselda. Mr. Berkeley dined with them on this day; and his conversation proved highly agreeable to sir Edward, who found him a man of cultivated and extensive knowledge, though so entirely a stranger to the world, that had his character been described to him, the baronet would have considered it the child of imagination; he had read men only in books; and it amused him to see how far a judicious and discriminating mind might be deceived, through even the best medium. But when the conversation of Mr. Berkeley turned on the works of creation, in the animal and vegetable world—when he descanted as a natural philosopher, or reasoned as a divine, the baronet felt, in his turn, the littleness of his own comparative knowledge; and his ardent mind, ever seeking an object of pursuit, or a path of distinction, embraced, with avidity, the new world of amusement and learned employ which was presented; and as soon as Mr. Berkeley

Berkeley was withdrawn, he proposed sending to London for all the best authors on natural history.

"They are all in the house," replied Griselda; "if you please, we will arrange the library to-morrow; I shall be delighted, when the spring comes, to display all my little stock of knowledge to you, in your new pursuit; but I cannot allow you to forget you are an artist; and, above all, that you must be an agriculturist; but, at present, I am content to consider you a musician; so pray honour me by taking up your flute, for I must have an accompaniment on my poor old instrument here."

Sir Edward complied, and found it was near eleven o'clock before he had discovered he was in the country, and alone, in a solitary rusticated mansion, surrounded by boors, and without any one of the various means by which time may be elegantly murdered.

The following day was Sunday; and  
B 5 finding

finding Griselda was going to church, he went with her, followed by every servant but one ; for as that had been the custom of the house, time immemorial, no questions were asked, but every one fell into their place mechanically.

The few families of neighbouring gentry who met at this village fane had been friends, or were the descendants of friends, of the late Mr. Harcourt ; they had all heard indirect accounts of sir Edward's bad conduct, especially of the affair at York ; and it had been whispered amongst them, that he was completely sent to Coventry in his own county, and therefore ought to be in theirs ; but as in every family there was some female who would like prodigiously just to see what sort of a man *he* was, and some gentlemen who could like to know if *she* was as handsome as she used to be, it was pretty generally agreed, that if sir Edward and his lady attended church two Sundays together, in a proper way, they ought to be visited, and treated with  
that

that respect all former inhabitants of the Grange had received in days of yore.

As they heard nothing of their neighbours after the first Sunday, Griselda, who knew the custom of the country, concluded that the error of her beloved Edward had proscribed them here also ; and she felt that pang renewed which had pierced her heart beyond all others ; she endeavoured, however, to conceal her feelings from her husband, who was so much out of doors when the weather permitted, that she trusted he would not read the traces of sorrow which disappointment had inscribed on her face. Little did she know that he avoided her presence for the same reason ; shocked with the idea that he had driven a virtuous woman from her place in society, and that her affection for him had condemned *her* to reproach, whom an assembled world might have been proud to praise.

When, therefore, after their second ap-  
pearance,

pearance, their neighbours surrounded and welcomed them, the transition was rendered delightful, from the surprise it excited ; and that society which, under happier circumstances, might, to the fastidious mind of the polished baronet, have been tedious or disgusting, was received with avidity, and welcomed with gratitude ; while, on the other hand, his fine person, elegant manners, and thorough acquaintance with those circles, whose names and titles were known here only through the medium of a newspaper, rendered his conversation a courtly treat to the surrounding gentry, who, in a short time, vied with each other in their attentions to him, and in every kind of office which the nature of their situations enabled them to show ; and as snipe and woodcock-shooting now commenced, and his arm was nearly restored to its wonted vigour, he soon began to find his youthful relish for country sports return ; and the day was often

ten too short for his employments, though began many hours sooner than it had been for many successive winters.

But while sir Edward thus fulfilled the anxious wishes and hopes of his wife, by embracing, with facility, the line of life she had so ardently desired him to enjoy, she was herself often left to ruminate on the great loss she had sustained, in the little companion, who, in this solitude, would have employed or solaced every cheerless hour; and her health remained so extremely delicate, that she was unequal to the fatigue of country visits. It was impossible for her not to perceive, that, whenever she was low, sir Edward imputed it, not to bodily complaint, which really was the cause, but to regret for the elegancies she no longer enjoyed falsely judging her feelings by a vulgar standard; in consequence of this, she struggled to overcome every appearance of languor, and injured her health by forcing her spirits beyond her strength; often reading to him,



him, or singing with him, to fill up the evening hours, when she was utterly unequal to the exertion. Carelessness induced sir Edward to pursue a mode of conduct similar to that once produced by indifference, and which the habit of self-indulgence prevented him from observing, till it was hinted by one of his friends, at a country visit, that if his lady was not in a family way, she was certainly consumptive.

Sir Edward, excessively alarmed, then recollected, that, to be sure, Griselda had a pain in her side, and that she was subject to hoarseness, &c. With an alarm that would have been dangerous to a weak mind, he communicated all his fears to her—besought her to take the best advice—and proposed immediately setting out with her to Bristol.

Griselda smiled at his proposal, and the earnestness with which it was pressed; but assured him she had no complaints but what the approaching spring would remove;

move; and entreated him to read her Montgomery's poems, which would do her more good than any medical prescription whatever, confessing that she had hurt herself by reading too much aloud of late.

The baronet complied with her wishes; but the following day consulted a physician, who confirmed the fears of his friend. He now busied himself with procuring asses' milk, reading treatises on pulmonary cases, and riding over to inquire for various excellent receipts from ancient housekeepers, where Griselda earnestly entreated her friends to keep him all night; during these excursions, in the hope that he was easy, she gained the repose her harrassed constitution required, and fulfilled her own prophecy, that the spring would prove her best restorative.

There were some sage ladies in the neighbourhood, who thought it not very prudent in lady Langdale to let sir Edward go out so often, now she was too ill to go with him; for after what had happened,

no

no one knew what might happen again : but lady Langdale herself had no such fears ; she saw her husband ever return to her with pleasure ; and though a hasty word, too natural to his irritable temper, might sometimes escape him, and his habitual thoughtlessness of the comfort of others, made him too often overlook some of those attentions which were due to her, yet she was convinced, and that *sweet* conviction atoned for many petty sorrows, that he sincerely loved her. She perceived too, with gratitude to Heaven, that, in every respect, his mind, as well as his habits, were improved : thoughtless generosity was now ripening into benevolent principles, and active philanthropy ; he took a pleasure in looking into his affairs, and investigating his expenditure ; frequently exchanged letters with Allen, and sought the conversation of all who could inform him on any topic of agricultural improvement ; and, above all on which her mind could rest as a source of hope, there was

was a disposition to religious duties, and an acknowledgment of their importance, which indicated that tenderness of conscience, which is the surest groundwork of sentimental and rational reformation.

The fine mornings of February were now come, and Griselda was able to take short walks in the surrounding grounds, and lay plans for their improvement; but it was a particular object with her to engage sir Edward's attention to the colliery; in this she soon succeeded, even beyond her wishes; his ardent mind conceived the idea of extending it exceedingly, of building a village for the accommodation of the workmen, and digging a canal for the conveyance of the coals; every day these projects gained ground in his mind; and occupied him with plans and calculations, which he one day presented to Griselda, saying he would borrow seven thousand pounds on the colliery immediately, and begin his operations; he knew the place was well worth ten; and there could therefore be  
little

little difficulty in mortgaging it for seven.

"But I have already borrowed six upon it."

"Good Heavens, Griselda, for what?"

"To pay five thousand, my love, which we lost to Mr. Mellish, and two five hundreds on the same occasion—the failure of Miss Nancy at York, last summer."

Sir Edward's fallen countenance said more than words; and anxious to relieve him, Griselda continued—"We must therefore be content, my love, to build a row of cottages, instead of a whole village, and to mend the roads, instead of digging the canal, in the hopes that time will enable us to do both. Most happy shall I be, when any circumstance shall arise, that will contribute to effect so desirable an end."

Sir Edward recovered himself during this speech, after giving another inward curse on his own folly; and happy to see Griselda accord with his views, he addressed her thus—"Whatever can contribute to the

the value of this estate, is of so much importance to us both, my dear, that we ought to make some sacrifices to obtain it: don't you think so?"

"I do not exactly see what sacrifices we can make; but I am sure that I am willing to make any in my power, and especially to enrich the colliery, which I am anxious to redeem."

"Oh, pshaw! we must have more money upon it, since it will certainly turn out to the greatest advantage: now though you can neither sell nor will away this estate, yet a handsome sum might be immediately raised on your life-interest in it; and——"

"Hold, Edward!" interrupted Griselda; "you are about to ask what I *must* refuse; and to deny any request of *yours* will grieve me to the heart."

"You have supplied my extravagancies, Griselda, with a generosity equal to my own profusion—profusion which I never lamented so bitterly as I do now; how is it

it that you should be so much moved with my request for money dedicated to a purpose at once wise and beneficent, since it opens a source of wealth to ourselves, and of incalculable benefit to the surrounding country?"

Griselda struggled with her feelings, for denial was new to her; and to cheek, without repulsing the fervors of his sanguine mind, was a task of the utmost delicacy; but the voice of duty was sacred, and it compelled her to persist in refusal; there is a point beyond which even the obedience of the most devoted wife cannot be carried, for her integrity is demanded by a greater master, whose servant she is.

After a long pause, Griselda, collecting herself, said—"You cannot, I apprehend, my dear Edward, at *this* time, have any doubt of my anxiety to devote myself, in every way, to you, that is consistent with my principles of honesty; but you must allow me to say they are inviolate."

"Honesty! good God, lady Langdale, what

what do you mean ? I trust my principles are as *honourable* as your own."

" My father," resumed Griselda, " taught me, early in life, a more than ordinary attachment to that word *honesty* ; and an inviolable regard not only for the *letter*, but the *spirit* of all engagements ; this he called *honour*. Now my honesty tells me, that if I put it out of my own power, in case of a failure in your scheme, to pay my debts, I shall be dishonest ; the more so, as I have no temptation to do it from want of any kind : and my *honour* tells me, that thus to destroy the intention of my father's will, in tying, by every legal means in his power, this estate upon *me* and *mine*, would be a disgraceful and reprehensible act, unworthy *his daughter*. I grant your scheme is apparently good ; and I think it highly desirable that we should, to the utmost of our power, enlarge the colliery ; but even if we had money to launch out into a great expence, on the strength of a suppositious good, it would



would be very unwise to do it with other people's money—would be sinful: we ought to set bounds to even good designs, my dear; since we are compelled to see, on every side, that even the losses on the turf and the gaming-table, are less destructive than the speculations of the merchant, and the schemes of the projector." Griselda paused.

Sir Edward remained silent, in sullen anger.

"Had our little Edward been spared," resumed his lady, "the thing could not have been done; and who knows but we may have another child? you would not wrong a child *now*, even for the prospect of enriching him in future?"

"But we are not likely to have a child; and if we had, before he could enjoy an estate, the Groves and the Elms will be at liberty."

"But I trust his father will enjoy them for many years to come," said Griselda, brushing away a falling tear.

"When a woman has made up her mind  
not

Not to be convinced of a thing, the devil himself can't persuade her. How you come to have more regard for an imaginary being who never may exist, than for a man whose welfare you profess to espouse, and whose estates are tied up, precisely at that period of his life when he is most equal to enjoying them, I cannot conceive."

"I did not mention the contingency of a child, as the reason why I would not consent to giving up my right in this estate, but to *reconcile* you to the denial I *have* given ; and I can offer another reason for such reconciliation, which is, that in the present state of my health, you could get very little money on my life ; and if you were to involve yourself in difficulties, by launching into expences with this colliery, my death would completely ruin you, as this estate would go immediately to my heirs, and leave you without any income at all—an idea so dreadful to me, that it would precipitate my fate. I make no resistance

sistance to your wishes, but what arises from a tender regard to you, as well as myself, since, if you reduced me to poverty, it could not fail adding self-reproach to the rest of your misfortunes."

Sir Edward gave a deep sigh ; then suddenly starting, rang the bell, and ordered his horse.

Trembling with agitation, Griselda arose ; she dreaded his leaving the house under the impression of disappointment and anger, in which she saw he was determined to indulge ; but unable to speak, lest even her mildest remonstrances should increase the passion she sought to allay, she determined on acquainting him with the only secret in her possession : she stept into an adjoining room, and opening an old India cabinet, which stood there, brought out a little box, and placed it on the table ; her heart was very full, and it was with great difficulty she said—" You know I have been very *unwell* lately, Edward ; and fearful that any mistake should  
be

be made respecting the contiguity of the colliery to this estate, I felt it a duty I owed to you to make my will. This little box contains the jewels of my mother and my two aunts, given to me under the express *promise* that I would transmit them to my heirs, for which reason I did not sell them with the rest; but if you *choose*——” here her voice failed—she opened the box, and turning out the contents on the table, hastily withdrew.

Sir Edward looked carelessly at three old-fashioned watches, surrounded with diamonds, and cast his eye upon a paper, which, to his astonishment, he perceived to be a promise, in Allen’s hand, to pay the person who should deliver him these watches, and the other jewels specified, the sum of six thousand pounds, if they were presented within the seven following years; thus affording nearly a thousand per annum, as income, till such time as the Grove and Elm estates should be cleared. Struck

with this, he proceeded to open the will, and there found that Griselda had, in the most clear and circumstantial manner, pointed out every part of that property within her disposal, which she had left exclusively to *him*; and in case she had a child at the time of her decease, had appointed him its sole guardian; and earnestly and tenderly recommended to such child, to make its father a tender of the Grange, during his life, should such a mansion suit his convenience.

The papers and jewel-cases were all locked in the box when she brought it, and directed to sir Edward, with the words —“ Not to be opened till after the death of lady Langdale,” inscribed underneath. Sir Edward shuddered as he read them, and he looked round the room as if seeking for Griselda; his anger was subdued by this last proof of her tenderness; and as his reason returned, he saw that he had acted unkindly and unjustly towards her: but his pride was not sufficiently subdued to  
acknowledge

acknowledge his conviction, nor could he abandon his favourite scheme entirely, which appeared the more feasible, the more he considered it; he therefore began to cast about in his mind some other plan for raising money, and, for the first time in his life, thought of making some sacrifice of his personal conveniences, and even to his own surprise, actually sent over his favourite mare to a gentleman who had lately offered him a very handsome sum for her.

The reader will not have forgot that this favourite had been offered for sale before, but was saved from the general wreck by Griselda, who knew the overweening value sir Edward had for her; but there was a great deal of difference between sending her at a time when he was beset by bailiffs and harrassed by duns, to gain that money which was necessary for his own personal relief, and parting with her at a time when he was perfectly easy in his circumstances, and only wished for money to

promote purposes of utility ; we therefore beg the baronet may be allowed the full merit of his sacrifice ; it was a great effort, and he felt the value of the conquest : he entered his house with a firmer step, and a gladdened aspect ; his petulance had vanished before the emanation of a newly-exerted power, and he walked towards the dressing-room where he expected to find Griselda, as if he now felt that he was worthy even of her.

He found her laid down on the sofa, her eyes swollen with tears, and her whole frame disordered ; a cold chill fell, for a moment, on his heart, but his new emotion would not suffer it to rest there ; he took her hand tenderly, and kissing her cheek, said — “ My love, I bring your valuable box again, in the hope that it never will be mine ; but I cannot keep secrets as you do ; I am come to claim your praise, for an effort which I am sure you will approve. I have sold my mare to sir Allen Johnson.”

“ Indeed, my love ! I am sorry for it.”

“ Sorry !

“Sorry! how can you be sorry? you would have sold ten horses for me. Come, Griselda, confess you are *glad*.”

“I *am* glad that you should prefer parting with your mare to borrowing money; but I am sorry you should lose her too. I have got a fine collection of prints;—I will send them to York, and——”

“No, that you shan’t: a thousand pounds is quite enough to begin with—my credit will soon enable me to borrow another, if I want it. I see things in a different light; I will not venture further with the colliery than I find it will pay; I must keep something in my hand for the pursuit of my agricultural plans. I wish you were able to look at these plans of cottages Dixon has just brought me from Wakefield.”

Griselda rose, and, without adverting to one of the unkind things he had said that morning, or even, in the most indirect manner, glancing at the subject, earnestly examined his plans, pointed out improvements, and acceded to designs, with the



same lively good-humour she was used to display in all her intercourse with him; and when he had arranged his schemes, and laid his papers by, proposed a game at backgammon; and concluded a morning of tears with an evening of smiles, although little able, from indisposition, to command them.

Sir Edward prosecuted his design with great spirit; and the season of the year being favourable, in the course of the two following months, he had the satisfaction of seeing every thing around him in a prosperous way, and of finding himself in a state of such uninterrupted good health, as he had never before enjoyed, since he left his father's house for the feverish amusements of the metropolis. Griselda gradually regained her strength, and resumed her old habit of riding much on horseback: she led him through all the haunts of her childhood; and pointed out, in every possible view, the various beauties of the surrounding scenery; and often,  
when

when he was lost in surprise with the charms which nature every where presented, asked him if the beauties of the Grange were the fictions of a poet's brain? to which he would laughingly reply, by reminding her of the potatoe-planted terrace, and the green-house piggery.

In every respect the Grange now bore the happy character Griselda had ascribed to sir William Elland's mansion; it looked as "if the master lived at home;" the banished plants, most of which had been cherished in the house by Mrs. Dixon, regained their habitation, and the flower-garden proved how much the soil had been fertilized by its late employment, by already teeming with the stores of Flora; while the lawn, snatched from the dominion of Ceres, again wore its mantle of green, and invited the steps of its lovely possessor to retread its verdant paths. Sir William and his lady had promised to visit them in May; and they were anxious to shew every hospitable attention to those

who, in a time of affliction, had proved attentive and affectionate to them.

One morning, the latter end of April, sir Edward received a letter, which occasioned him to appear more vexed than any thing in that shape had done since his arrival at the Grange; for, after two or three pschaws, he threw it on the fire, saying—"Come to the *north*, indeed! I wish she was at the north pole!"

"If your correspondent is a lady, my dear, you have not a very pleasant choice in the journey you assign her."

"'Tis from Maria Egerton, the girl I was guardian to; she is not of age till she is three-and-twenty, which prolongs my trouble confoundedly. I kept her at school till she was eighteen—then fixed her at Beevor's three years, where she formed an acquaintance with a young Irish woman of quality, who most obligingly took her out of the country before I got married, but who has brought her now to Buxton, from whence she writes, that  
hearing

hearing you are ill, she is impatient to share my tender cares, by visiting the Grange, especially as she has a passion for the romantic scenery of the north."

"Well, my dear, but what is there in all this to be angry at? 'Tis true, our situation is dull; but as the Ellands are coming, and the country is really delightful, the young lady may be tolerably happy with us."

"She be happy! she be d—d! a conceited romantic school-girl, with more airs than Mrs. Spencer, more design than Anne Holcroft, and more pedantry than her sister. Besides, don't you know that this was the girl that my father fixed on as my wife, when the chit was not the height of the table? and, in consequence, she learned such a farago of nonsense about sentiment and *early* impressions, that the very name of her has made me sick ever since."

"Ha ha, poor Edward! you are afraid of being laid siege to; but never fear; my good looks will keep the lady

from any effort of that kind. I will spare you the trouble of answering her epistle, by giving her an invitation myself, so get your breakfast in peace."

"That I always do with you, Griselda, which is the reason I do not like this mix to break in upon the Paradise you have made me here."

Griselda gave him a grateful smile, worthy of Eden in its guiltless state; and wrote a kind letter to Miss Egerton, arranging her route, and promising to meet her two stages on the road. She wrote too, by the same post, requesting sir William and his lady would meet them at the same place; and then, "on hospitable thoughts intent," busied herself in contriving every little elegance and convenience for her expected guests, the reduced state of her house and her establishment would allow. It was happy for her that her own mind could easily accommodate itself to circumstances, since she had always found, in the alleviation of her cares, infinitely  
more

more than a compensation for the magnificence she had ceased rather to use than to enjoy.

At the appointed time, lady Elland and sir William appeared (accompanied by another lady) at the inn-door; but who shall speak the surprise and delight of Griselda, when the stranger appeared to be lady Elizabeth Osborne! her joy was almost too much for her, and she was unequal to speaking for some minutes. Sir Edward lost the confusion his cousin's first appearance excited, in the anxiety he felt for his wife; and this anxiety effectually restored him to the lady's good graces; as she knew he was too proud to be insincere, she concluded the good reports of his neighbours were true, and felt herself justified in the condescension of a visit to the Grange.

Thus disposed to mutual good will, in a few minutes the whole party began to feel that pleasure which arises from the recognition of friendship, when a splendid cur-

ricle made its appearance at the door, and sir Edward announced "Miss Egerton," as a pretty slight girl jumped from it, handed by her footman.

This young lady had the misfortune to lose her mother very early; and her father, not knowing how to dispose of her other-ways, had sent her to a great boarding-school, of which he had heard a very great character given, in many respects with much truth; but it was conducted on so extensive a scale, that *little* girls were frequently neglected, unless they happened to be persons of great importance, in which case they were made pets, and spoiled by indulgence, as much as the others were by neglect. Miss Egerton suffered under both these evils; for after being, for two years, a little neglected girl, the loss of her father and elder brother, and her becoming the ward of a baronet, exalted her, all at once, into a great heiress, and enabled her teachers to perceive she gave promise of being a great beauty, though

though on a small scale; and to crown all the gifts of fortune by their happiest climax, some even ventured to prognosticate that she would be a *great* genius, notwithstanding her old appellative had been that of a *little* dunce.

Rendered more happy than she had been before, the little girl certainly became more lively and docile; and went through her usual lessons in the usual manner, till she was about fourteen; when it having been hinted to her that she was intended to be married, some time, to sir Edward Langdale's son, who would be a baronet himself, and who was the handsomest man in the kingdom, or at least *one* of them, the little girl began to think about men, to giggle, and peep through the windows, read novels, and sigh at the moon, and by various means, indicate that sensibility she heard great girls talk about, and knew was the characteristic of every heroine she had read or heard of, in every book worth reading. Had she been acquainted with  
sir



sir Edward, it is probable that, like Miss Lydia Languish, she would have thought a connexion with her guardian's son too regular an affair, deficient in delicate distress, and every other interesting development; but as she had never seen him, was told that he was rather wild, and especially, that he had vowed he would never marry, whatever might be the wishes of his father, she conceived a most violent desire to melt the heart of the "fascinating savage," as she first designated him, until a susceptible school-mate told her that the "fascinating incognito" would sound more amiable.

Full of this rhodomontade, the poor girl, on the first interview with sir Edward, played off so many prettinesses to attract his attention, that she confirmed his dislike; and from that time, when any person was rendered particularly unpleasant to him by affectation, he would compare them to Maria Egerton; which his father observing, gave up the point; and his death,

death, soon after, set sir Edward free from almost the recollection of the circumstance, as his business on her account, (as succeeding to the guardianship of this young lady, and another family already mentioned,) was carried on entirely by agents. Had the young lady mixed in general society, she would, doubtless, have soon forgotten the circumstance, as well as sir Edward ; but being secluded with a set of companions as romantic as herself, and with whom her "early loves" had been the theme of many a wakeful hour, she thought it expedient to prolong the tender theme, and profess a passion for the youth now dignified with the appellation of the "charming inconstant," which he preserved year after year, till the matter was completely worn out, and the projected visit with her Irish friend had made her pant to become a "wild Irish girl, with a harp, and an artist ;" but the marriage of sir Edward, soon after she reached the shores of Erin, was a subject so proper for sublime grief, there

there was no resisting it; but as it is impossible for a young woman, in good health, to be long sorrowful without sorrow, Miss Egerton adopted the "joy of grief" for her motto; and when her friend, lady Bell M'Laurin, could not help remarking that her spirits recovered their tone, and that she looked charmingly, she would exclaim—"Oh yes! I have 'a face of smiles—a heart of tears,' my Arabella."—"Well then, my dear," returned lady Bell, "lay your wet heart by the side of your sunshiny face, and I'll answer for it the bog will be dried presently."

Unluckily, even in Ireland, no knight appeared of power to chace away the form of the "charming inconstant;" and the turret-crowned castle of lady Bell's father favoured the illusions of romance. The ladies had no other amusement but what sprang from dressing according to *La Belle Assemblée*, and reading the latest new thing which could be had from a circulating library near fifty miles distant.

They

They did both, in order to prepare both mind and person for exhibition, the following winter, in Dublin. The exhibition answered very well to lady Bell, who was a handsome lively girl, with much native wit and native grace about her ; she had the good luck to attract a young Englishman, of family and fortune, who wooed her not in vain ; and having married, now brought her into England to present her to his friends, accompanied by her bride-maid, Miss Egerton, who had not been overmuch pleased with Mr. Hamilton for his preference, as she thought the pensive graces of her melancholy languor ought to have awakened the sympathetic interest of her elegant countryman, in preference to the Hibernian sprightliness of lady Bell. Disappointed in this hope, she became disgusted with the attentions paid her by others, who had more weighty reasons for admiring her than Mr. Hamilton, and determined to persevere in " nursing a hopeless

less flame," and "urging sensibility to madness."

When the bad conduct of her guardian was now, for the first time, developed to her, she determined to visit the dear deceiver, being fully convinced that the poor man had been urged by some uncommon circumstance, united to age and ugliness, which, by making him wretched, had led him to seek, in pleasure, a refuge from his wounded sensibility; but when the beauty and accomplishments of lady Langdale were insisted on, she then concluded his heart had another bias, a tender predilection for the opening flower, whose budding beauties had left on his susceptible breast an indelible impression; and she was the more resolute to prove to the "exquisite wanderer" the tender reciprocity of mutual sympathy. But how was that resolution increased, that sympathy awakened, when informed, at Buxton, by a near neighbour of sir Edward's, that poor lady Langdale had

had been struggling all winter with a consumption! and though, to be sure, she appeared gaining strength during this spring weather, most probably she would fall with the leaves in autumn.

What a charming *denouement*! Miss Egerton determined instantly on flying to share the sorrows of the widower-elect. How sweet to be the friend of the fair Griselda, who should droop, through summer, in her Maria's arms! while the tear that trembled in her Edward's eye should be wiped by the hand of friendship, anticipating the hour of a softer emotion. How many interesting scenes followed! The whole affair was precisely like the history of Miss Temple, the first novel that Sally hid behind her pillow; "and *first impressions*," said she, "can never be eradicated." A thousand tender glances, sentimental expressions and feelings, *above* a name, and *without* a name, followed, in sweet succession, through the labyrinth of her fancy; but they all ended in one necessary conclusion,

clusion, viz. that lady Langdale must inevitably fall *with the leaves in autumn*.

The expression was poetical; and though time-worn, and uttered by a plain unpoetical woman, it became dear to the fair enthusiast, who adopted it as the germ from whence was to spring a tree, whose blossoms of happiness were never equalled in any other Utopia than the brain of a novel-reading Miss, who wisely skips every detail of common occurrences, and every reflection made by the wisdom and experience of her author, that she may rest on the visionary parts of his characters, or, at best, on those descriptions of warm but transitory emotions, which are, in life, what the eye is to the person, the most striking, but the smallest part.

Under the ferment of spirits occasioned by this very delightful contemplation, Miss Egerton wrote the letter to sir Edward which announced her intention of sharing with him the pleasing task of strewing flowers on the declining path of his adored  
Griselda,

Griselda. The high-flown language and bombastic sentiments of this production would have amused lady Langdale exceedingly ; but it brought so strongly to sir Edward's mind the chit his father had presented him to seven years before, as to excite his ill-humour, and occasion him to give to the flames that precious *morceau* which was intended to console him for the loss of her who was inevitably to drop, like the leaves in autumn, that a brighter rose might adorn his garden the ensuing spring.

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## CHAP. II.

It was somewhat *mal apropos* to the designs of Miss Egerton, that lady Langdale began now gradually to regain beauty and health ;  
but



but as that young lady had persuaded herself to see things through a certain medium only, she was persuaded that Griselda's bloom was hectic heat, and her strength feverish irritation; and that, as the summer heats advanced, the former would fade and the latter decay; she not being aware of a fact innumerable husbands know too well, viz. that wives, of all other animals, hold life most pertinaciously, especially in those cases when their nearest connexions are desirous of lodging them in a better tenement; and, from a spirit of contradiction inherent in their nature, generally remain longest on earth with those husbands who are most anxious to provide them a seat in heaven, and have taken the utmost pains to fit them for a celestial habitation, by keeping them in purgatory while here.

Sir William, on their arrival at the Grange, was extremely gratified with the appearance of every thing around the place, as it bore testimony to the exertions already made by sir Edward; and the ladies,

ties, within doors, formed a very agreeable *coterie*, if we except poor Miss Egerton, who, remembering that May was the mother of love, thought every moment of it *lost*, which was not spent in sighing to the breeze, or apostrophizing the hawthorn; yet, unfortunately, she was not gifted with any of that poetic taste or delicate sensibility which does indeed give a zest to the charms of nature, by uniting them to the sensibilities of the soul. Had she been totally uneducated, she would have been an useful good-natured girl; the best possible education would have raised her a little higher; but as she now stood, she had a vulgar mind, dressed in a tinsel garb, whose show displayed what it was meant to cover, but whose eccentricity amused her companions, while it grieved her friends.

Lady Langdale, whose benevolence sought to reform the folly her penetration smiled at, by pointing out, at every opportunity, the amiable simplicity and unaffected

affected good sense of lady Elland, sought to make her an object of imitation; and frequently induced them to walk together, while she offered her own arm to the sober-paced lady Elizabeth. In one of their rambles, this lady, finding they were left completely alone, thus addressed Griselda: —“ I find sir William told you as many of the particulars of his marriage with lady Elland as he had the power to communicate, and would, undoubtedly, surprise you a good deal, by the circumstance of my giving so large a marriage-portion to him, with an amiable young woman, undoubtedly, but one with whom I, apparently, had very little connexion.”

Lady Langdale said, that although such things were, undoubtedly, very uncommon in the world, yet she did not consider it a matter of *great* surprise, acquainted as she was with both parties.

“ I can give you a reason,” said lady Elizabeth, “ which will, however, remove your surprise, since I am sure you are one  
of

of the few capable of entering into my feelings. You must know, my dear, that though I am old and formal now, yet I was once young, and when young I *loved*, and loved most *fondly*—though, unlike the misses of your day, ‘I never told my love.’

“Well, my dear, to make short of a long story—long and sad to me, for it consumed the best days of my existence, the man for whom I sighed being forbidden, from the great disparity of his rank, to look up to me, without express encouragement, and I being forbidden, by my modesty as a woman, my rank as the daughter of an earl, and, above all, by duty and tenderness to my parents, to give him this encouragement, in time he sought some gentle being to whom he might lay open the burden of his heart, and in whose counsel he might seek consolation for his sufferings. He found such an one, and like many other men, he found too that ‘friendship with woman is sister to love;’ and he soothed the sorrow he had felt, in

being unable to attain *me*, by an union; a very *happy* union with *her*.

“What I felt on this occasion, it would be impossible to describe, and foolish to recollect. Many years have gone by, and the common losses of life been felt in various ways, but I have had no sorrow like *this* sorrow; but we will let it pass.”

Yet it would not pass unmarked by its accustomed tear:—the tribute paid, lady Elizabeth proceeded.

“He had many children, and was so situated as often to need a friend. The hour of independence was blest to me, only as it enabled me to contribute to his comfort, and that of his amiable partner; but *my* hand was not seen in the transaction, and another received his gratitude, while I enjoyed his happiness: but you already anticipate *my* story; you cannot have forgot my indisposition at sir William’s, when we met on your marriage.”

“I do indeed perceive Mr. Slingsby was the man honoured by your partiality,” said

said Griselda ; “ and I only wonder you had the courage to contend with a passion which had so much worth for its object, and lament that you were deprived of each other.”

“ I am at this day assured that my conduct was right ; he has been happy, and I have not been wretched ; perhaps our union would have rendered both miserable ; it must have done so inevitably during the life of my parents, and that would have been much the greater part of life, and through those years which ought to be its best ; and I now enjoy the comfort of making *his* child *my* child, in an union with one whom I ever intended for my principal heir. You see, my love, I speak to you frankly, for though I say principal, I have not forgotten your claims upon me.”

“ Alas ! ” said Griselda, “ my little claimant on your goodness is gone ; but your intentional kindness to that dear being will ever have a place in my heart, lady Elizabeth.”

"We may have another little body some time," said the old lady, pressing her hand; "but my fear is, that if I were to give you the contents of this pocket-book to buy a mantle for the boy, you would give it all to the naughty father. Hey! are you to be trusted?"

"Whatever you give me to hold in trust for another, I *must* religiously withhold, *even* from my husband; but if you gave it me for myself, or at my own disposal, I should certainly give myself the pleasure of bestowing it immediately on my dear sir Edward."

"There then, silly girl, do your own way—there are five thousand pounds for you to throw after the rest. But remember, it is my gift to *you*, not him—as I gave the *ten* to Miss Slingsby, not William. I like to make my own sex of consequence, mind that. Look, the men are coming up that walk—now don't be a fool to go and meet them."

"Adieu!" said Griselda, and she sprang  
away

away laughing; and bounding across the lawn, light as the fawns around her, calling out to sir William to take care of lady Elizabeth, then seizing sir Edward, she led him into a little thicket, in all the agreeable trepidation of delight and gratitude.

"What's the matter, Griselda? we met the ladies a little below, and Maria Egerton has been assuring me that you are in a very poor way; and has been proposing to console me by sympathetic attention, when you, like the lily, shall lay your pale cheek on the ground; but I think the roses have the predominance now."

"Ah, well! she told me I was to die in autumn, and so look here what lady Elizabeth has given me to pay funeral expences."

"Lady Elizabeth is very good to us, my love; but I cannot, even in jest, talk of your funeral, Griselda."

"Then we will call it christening expences, Edward," said Griselda, blushing a deeper red.



The baronet caught her to his bosom, and the bright beam that glanced from his enraptured eye was heightened by the tear that sprang at the call of gratitude and love.

"But look at these dear bills, Edward; here are five of them, a thousand pounds a-piece—is she not good? and how kind, to give them to me to present you!"

"Ah, Grizzy, no quizzing! I understand the *good* lady—she has given them to you, and *you* only, *bona fide*—I understand it thoroughly; but I have no objection, for the gift is sweeter for the channel it has run through; but I will not have them *all*, Griselda."

"Your colliery wants them all, and I want nothing; I shall sell some hay next week, and I am indeed very rich at present—I have above fifty pounds."

"Very rich, upon my honour, lady Langdale," said the baronet, making a low bow; "you will probably now be inclined to sport a trifle at hazard or pharo: but however, joking apart, you have made me  
a richer

a richer man than I ever was in my life, for these are the first thousands on which I knew how to set a just value. You have no idea how many uses I shall apply this money to."

"Ah, but, alas! Mr. Shandy, the five thousand will not 'inclose the ox moor, build a wing to the house, and send your son Bobby to college;' but here comes the gentle Maria."

"More the pity; your sauciness is better than her insipidity."

"I have flown to you on the wings of trembling expectation," said Miss Egerton, "for I really feared lady Langdale was seized with fainting, and my melting bosom throbbed to participate—Why do you smile, sir Edward?"

"Only at the idea of *what* your melting bosom throbbed to participate: was it the *eau de luce*, the hartshorn, or the fall on the velvet lawn, Maria?"

"Surely your own heart will tell you it was none of these," said the fair maid,

in a soft whisper ; “ it was the sympathy of your tenderness—the soul-thrilling sensibility of awakened pity beaming in your lucid eye.”

“ ‘Pon my life, my lucid eyes are much obliged to you ; but I seldom use them for the purpose of pity, when I look at lady Langdale,” returned the baronet, gazing on her, with eyes full of admiration, as she quickened her pace before them to the house.

Maria gently took his arm, and looking him most tenderly in the face, said—“ But surely you have eyes of pity for some less favoured mortals than the happy Griselda.” Then instantly recovering herself, as if she had gone too far, she withdrew her eyes in beautiful confusion, and if she did not blush, it was the fault of nature and not of intention, for she meant to be “ celestial rosy red.”

Sir Edward was surprised ; he could not be displeased, for where is the man that would be angry at a pretty woman for admiring

miring him? not knowing what to say, he remained silent, and looking a little foolish, when Maria, in an agony, exclaimed—“What have I said! oh, pardon me, dear, dear sir Edward! I cannot live under your anger—indeed I cannot!”

“Ridiculous! I am not angry, Miss Egerton.”

The violence of the young lady's exclamation drew the attention of lady Langdale, who returning to them, inquired what was the matter? The young lady, whose hand, no one knew how, was pressing sir Edward's, gave him an expressive look, whispering “Do not betray me,” and flew forward in an opposite direction. The baronet's confusion increased, and he certainly wished his wife away at that instant, though nothing could be farther from his thoughts than desiring Miss Egerton in her place.

Lady Langdale read his thoughts, and said, laughingly—“Come, Edward, don't look so ‘flamagasted like,’ as Dixon says;

though so be as how Maria had made love to you, there is nothing *new* in that; let us join our friends; you are wanted to make up a rubber—lady Elizabeth waits for you.”

“I ought to be waiting on her,” said sir Edward; and shaking off his stupor, he immediately went into the house, and in a few moments had forgotten the affair.

But according to the custom of all heroines, when any moving scene has taken place, Miss Egerton declined joining the company that night; she did not, however, decline eating a *petite soupe*, rather in character with her appetite than her sentimental distress; and the next morning appeared with her cheek glowing with its accustomed health, contrary to all established rules on such occasions.

When, in the beginning of June, sir William Elland and the ladies took their leave, Miss Egerton, having nothing else to do, renewed her attack on the heart of the gentleman, whose present appellation,  
in

in all her letters (and they were many) was the "interesting insensible;" but from the perverseness of fate, or some such incident, the baronet was now never at leisure to receive the artillery directed to his heart: the season was fine, and he delighted to see the progress of his hay-making; his improvements at the colliery went rapidly forward; and he was impatient to expedite the business of the field, that he might find men to begin his projected little canal—in short, "he might have answered with a sigh, but that he had no time;" and what was still worse, his happy Griselda, rejoicing in her prospect of seeing him in a fair way of becoming, in every respect, the worthy useful man she had ever fondly believed him capable of, grew every day more blooming, and less likely to fall with the leaves in autumn.

Desirous of amusing her fair guest as much as the country allowed, lady Langdale made frequent visits among the neighbouring gentry, where Miss Egerton's

pretty little person, and still more, her pretty large fortune, never failed to excite attention; and in one of these visits she met with a young officer, the son of a nobleman, whose *devoirs* appeared by no means disagreeable to her—a circumstance certainly rather pleasant to lady Langdale than otherways, for the honourable captain Maclan was an agreeable well-bred man, and without being brilliant, was no way deficient in abilities, and though not rich, was the next heir to a respectable title and estate; so that it was hardly to be hoped that sir Edward could find a more eligible match for his ward than this presented.

One day, when lady Langdale had made a morning visit to their nearest neighbour, colonel White's, (where they had first met captain Maclan, who was again their visitant, with two other gentlemen,) Mrs. White pressed the ladies so affectionately to take dinner *en famille*, that they consented, on condition of sending the servant

want to excuse them to sir Edward. They were on horseback ; lady Langdale had dismounted ; but on her saying—" Tell your master, Tom, I entreat him to join us here," Miss Egerton turned her horse's head, declaring she would herself go back to the Grange and bring him, or die in the attempt, galloping off as she uttered the last word.

" Spoken like a true heroine," said Mrs. White, laughing ; " your little friend is subject to stalking on stilts, hey, lady Langdale ?"

" She has had no mother to correct the exuberance of her fancy," replied Griselda ; " and in fact, hers are rather flights of the tongue than the imagination."

" I thought so," said Louisa White ; " for she told me that her delight was inexpressible, her rapture transcendant, when she saw that strawberries were ripe ; and yet I found she liked them no better than other people, for she ate fewer than either Betsy or me."

" I wish



"I wish the young lady," said the colonel, sarcastically, "may be equally moderate in her passion for every thing she praises; but having frequently found ladies of her description fall from the heights of sentiment into the deeps of sense, I always conclude them in some danger."

Lady Langdale was just beginning a defence, when captain Maclan entering, the conversation changed, and the company took a turn in the garden, expecting, on their return, to find Miss Egerton returned with her prize; but they were disappointed; and after waiting a full hour, to the great embarrassment of Griselda, the family sat down without them.

As Tom did not return, Griselda still hoped that sir Edward had been detained to dinner; but would accompany Maria in the cool of the evening; and sat, in a kind of embarrassing expectation; which was much increased by the remarks of colonel White, who gave frequent hints of a supposed *penchant* of the young lady for sir Edward,

Edward, but in a manner so exactly balanced between jest and earnest, that it was impossible to take notice of it seriously. At length the shades of evening descended fast, and all hopes of their arrival were at an end; and lady Langdale was obliged to request colonel White would permit his servant to attend her home.

Captain Maclan immediately offered to become her escort, which she gracefully accepted, at the same time turning to the other gentleman, his friend, she proposed that he would join them, as he would be company for the captain on his return; the arrangement was quickly made; and in a short time the little cavalcade was before the Grange, where they found the baronet and his fair ward at their coffee. Captain Maclan rallied the young lady on her assertion of power she evidently did not possess; and the baronet appeared then, for the first time, to learn that he had been expected at colonel White's; but this *éclaircissement* a beseeching eye again forbade

bade him to comment upon at this time; and the gentlemen departed, with an assurance from Miss Egerton that she had found the baronet engaged with some men, who staid so long, it was impossible to bring him to dinner, or return herself in time.

When the gentlemen were gone, lady Langdale could not help perceiving a gloom on her husband's brow, which circumstances would rather have placed on her own; but anxious, by her good humour, to prove that she was above suspicion, and that her confidence in him was as firm as her attentions to his feelings were delicate, she broke silence, by observing captain Maclan was a very pleasant man.

"In *your* opinion, you should add, lady Langdale."

"My opinion is not singular; they are very fond of him at colonel White's; and Miss Egerton thought very highly of him last week."

"Who I! oh no, lady Langdale! there is

is nothing in captain Maclan. I did not see him through *your* eyes, believe me ; I never saw a less fascinating creature."

" I know nothing of fascination," returned lady Langdale, " for I hate the word, and all that it implies. I have seen it through Miss Edgeworth's eyes, and think her admirable novel of Leonora has properly exposed it to ridicule and contempt ; but *this* I *do* know, that when captain Maclan paid you very marked attentions, you received them with very *marked* approbation ; and as he has, in the presence of colonel White this evening, entreated me to introduce him to sir Edward, for the purpose of pursuing his supposed interest with you, it is very proper he should know of the little chance he has to succeed, a circumstance either sir Edward or myself ought to communicate immediately ; for though the young man is not fascinating, he is, I believe, very respectable, and ought not to be trifled with."

Sir Edward's brow cleared as lady Langdale

dale spoke; and she felt an assurance that some insinuation, that had awakened his jealousy, had occasioned the gloom she had observed. Determined to remove it at once, she said—"Probably Maria has told you, during your long *tête-à-tête*, that colonel White's family wish us to join them in a trip to Harrowgate; Mr. Hartop, the gentleman you saw to-night, and captain Maclan, are of the party."

"That Mr. Hartop is a pleasant man, I think," said sir Edward.

"Yes, he is a man of more talent than the captain; and, like him, I understand, is in pursuit of a lady who cannot make up her mind—a Miss Glynn, now at Harrowgate. I must own I think it a pity we should shut Miss Egerton up at the Grange; and I was imprudent enough to propose her accompanying Mrs. White, in case you did not think of going; but under existing circumstances, that is impossible."

"You can go without *me*, lady Langdale; if you have a passion or a necessity  
for

for going to Harrowgate, I beg I may be no bar to your enjoyment."

"So far from *wishing* to go to Harrowgate, sir Edward, I have this moment told you that I have provided a chaperone for Miss Egerton, in case I found you were engaged. I think you have not *now* to learn that all places are alike to me, when with you or without you."

"You have made yourself tolerably happy to-day, I presume, from 'morn to noon, from noon to dewy night."

"No, sir Edward, I have *not* been happy, but I have waited with an appearance of ease, lest my uneasiness should be construed into jealousy, and you should be reflected upon: nor have I inquired into your motives for staying at home, lest I should wound your feelings by seeming to mistrust you."

"Then you did *not* mistrust me! No, Griselda, you do not love me well enough to be jealous of me. That quick perception of alarm which is the character of  
*true*

*true* passion, you *never* felt. To the tenderness of your nature, to your high sense of honour, to your extreme consciousness, I have owed—but I cannot talk on this subject !” The baronet rushed out of the room in extreme agitation, and was heard to enter the library, the door of which he locked, with a sound that bespoke the tremor of the hand that did it.

Sorrow and indignation shook the very frame of Griselda ; and she sat, for some moments, in a kind of trembling stupor, in which, amid conflicting passions, she yet felt a grateful sense of peace, by degrees, steal over her mind, from the full conviction that she was *beloved* ; and that the jealousy which had evidently affected the baronet had proceeded from the high value he placed on her love, rather than any suspicion of its object ; thus consoled, by degrees her mind became tranquil ; and as soon as she was enabled to speak with composure, she addressed Miss Egerton thus :—

“ The full conviction I feel that you  
must

must be shocked in observing the mischief you have done, Miss Egerton, and the hope that, in duly considering how much greater it might have been, you will be forever induced most anxiously to avoid a repetition of it in any family with whom you are connected, is my sole reason for addressing you ; for under any *other* conviction, no circumstance should persuade me to hold converse with a being whose conduct excites alike my horror and contempt.

“ To profess, by *word, gesture, or insinuation* of any kind, a passion for a married man, is not merely indelicate but sinful ; it is an endeavour to subvert the laws of God and the bonds of society, and to destroy that confidence which is at once the reward and the proof of virtue : it is changing even the order of vice, since it is seducing man to adultery !—do not start at *terms*, Maria ! she who steals the *affections* of a husband from his wife, is an adulteress of so deep a die, all other prostitutes may whiten by her side ; but when, to effect



fect her purpose, she insinuates ought against the fair fame of the innocent being whose peace she would destroy, she adds the assassin's dagger to the wanton's wile ; and at the bar of conscience here, and of heaven hereafter, shall appear in all her native deformity. You have not injured *me*, Maria, beyond the feeling of the hour ; and for that, painful as it has been, I can forgive you ; but contemplate the picture I have given you, and tremble at the thing you might have been, had the wish formed by your vanity succeeded ; for depend upon it, the woman who seeks to awaken illicit passion will never fail to become its victim."

Maria, astonished and overwhelmed with the dreadful denunciations of lady Langdale, started at hearing the tender sensibilities she had so long nourished treated with such rude appellatives ; but her awestruck tongue refused one apology for the gentle brood of susceptibilities ; for the voice of truth, when seconded by the  
whispers

whispers of conscience, is irresistible : the alternate flushing and paleness of her cheek, and the tears that stood in her eye, were an appeal to the pity of lady Langdale her heart strove not to resist ; she took her hand, and added every excuse for her which could be made by the tenderest friendship ; and the ease with which she reconciled her was a proof that vanity and romance had more to do with the affair than passion.

The night was far advanced, and Maria retired most gladly, the moment lady Langdale suggested its expediency ; she had not heard sir Edward move since he went into the library ; and from its vicinity, she concluded he must have overheard the conversation ; and she was not without hopes that he would conclude his lady a great termagant, and herself a suffering saint.

Sir Edward, as soon as the first gust of passion was over, saw that Maria had made a fool of him, when she endeavoured to suggest

suggest ought against the purity of his Griselda's inclinations and affections ; but he had, for some time, been nourishing a degree of vexation at her apparent disregard of Miss Egerton's advances, imputing *that* to indifference on her part which proceeded from extreme delicacy ; for Griselda's eye was quick to mark every look and action calculated to alarm her love ; and had she not been convinced that he deserved her confidence, and been fearful of wounding him by a distrust which might renew the memory of past sufferings, she would have marked her disapprobation of Miss Egerton's manners some time before—a conduct she now wished she had adopted, as it might have prevented those observations which fell from colonel White, who evidently had looked on both parties with that jaundiced eye the failings of sir Edward had doubtless infected all his neighbours with. Such is the constant effect, and doubtless the proper punishment, of a dereliction from the paths of virtue.

As

As sir Edward became cool, he heard the voice of Griselda raised above its usual pitch; as he listened to the sound, now broken, now agitated, he said—"Ah, this is *love*!—it must be *love*—that love for which the warmth of my own feelings sighed. Yes, yes! Griselda, it seems, can be angry where she is touched—but perhaps she is angry because I hinted at her partiality for Maclan, and knowing that her conduct will bear the strictest scrutiny, she presumes on the impossibility of my scanning her heart; 'for,' as Maria said, 'what, under heaven, 'is so inscrutable as the heart of a woman?'"

Thus the baneful poison he had imbibed checked the influence of reason and affection; and though he heard Maria retire, he still sat brooding over imagined misery, and nursing a faint shadow, which every moment eluded him, into a substance on which he could lay a foundation for sorrow. While in this humour, Griselda tapp-

ed at the door, which he opened with a most ungracious aspect, and flinging himself again on the sofa, threw back his head with a repulsive air which forbade all conversation. Griselda stood silent some minutes, but finding the gloom on his brow continue, she sat down with a kind of troubled resignation in her countenance, that waited, in sorrow, for an explanation of his conduct.

After this suspense had continued about half an hour, sir Edward, rising hastily, snatched the candle his lady had brought in her hand, and stalked up stairs. As the family were all in bed (lady Langdale having sent her maid to rest before she entered the library), she followed him in silence, but saw, with surprise, he turned into the room lately occupied by lady Elizabeth; following him thither, she at length said—"I must take the candle to fetch your nightcap and my own."

"I shall sleep alone, lady Langdale."

"Behold," said Griselda, internally,  
' how

‘ how great a fire a little spark kindleth !’ But there was a fire in her own breast which glowed with indignation at the surly and unmerited ill-humour of her husband ; and she found an extreme difficulty in withholding the warm expostulation which rushed to her lips ; but remembering, according to her excellent custom, that a “ mild answer turneth away wrath,” she restrained herself ; and getting another candle, she went into her own room, and after a few moments of recollection and silent devotion, she saw clearly that it was folly to reason with a man whose own reason condemned his conduct as much as hers could do, and who must be convinced of her innocence (if he could doubt it), rather by subsequent circumstances than present assertions ; she therefore returned with both their night-clothes in her hand, saying jestingly as she entered—“ You are much to be pitied, my good Joseph, for your double attack to-day, but you may depend upon it I shall not leave you ;

in fact, I have a great many things to tell you—I had a letter from Allen this morning, which says that——”

“ I wonder you can talk about Allen, Griselda, when you know that I—I——”

“ Nay, my love, I wont talk of no *Al-lens*, if I am your *Griselda* again.” The smothered emotion now found vent in tears which would not be repressed.

“ But why do you weep, Griselda ?”

“ Why do I weep? have you not doubted my love, misconstrued my very tenderness, and avoided me as if I were unworthy explanation, and do you ask why I weep? Oh Edward! there are faults against the heart that will not be forgiven; and justly might you doubt the devotedness of mine, if I could see your conduct with indifference.”

“ I have been a *fool*, Griselda; I see *now* that I did not comprehend you; but the consciousness of not deserving you makes me——”

“ Hush, Edward! remember our agreement

ment never to look backward ; and especially in a moment like this, when, conscious of mutual tenderness and returning virtue, we may look forward with hope, and upward with humble confidence."

The ill-humours and doubts of the baronet thus dispelled, he slept soundly till morning ; but he found his lady very unwell, the agitation she had experienced having produced a considerable degree of fever ; and on his rising, she requested him to send for her apothecary.

Alarmed and distressed, the baronet now saw all the folly of his conduct ; and on descending to breakfast, felt so vexed with Miss Egerton, for the uneasiness she had occasioned him, that the young lady saw very clearly the impossibility of sighing to any purpose, and received, with great relief, a summons to lady Langdale's apartment, though she was not the person, of all others, with whom she desired another *tête-à-tête*.

The good humour and suavity of lady



Langdale's manners soon set the young lady at ease, and effectually checked all inclination in the servants to make unpleasant observations on the events of the preceding day. As it was the opinion of the apothecary that lady Langdale had better not rise till evening, a sentence which appeared greatly to affect sir Edward, she persuaded him to ride over to colonel White's, and make *l'amende honorable*, by taking dinner with them, as she was ordered to be perfectly quiet—a regimen it would be impossible for her to observe, if she was tempted to conversation by his society. The baronet saw the propriety of the advice too well to resist it, and he was glad to be out of the way of Miss Egerton, whom he could not forgive, as yet, for the pain she had occasioned him. When he was gone, she, too, was kindly dismissed into the library, where lady Langdale advised her to read a novel called "Plain Sense," as one very likely to counteract the flimsy but mischievous productions

ductions she had been in the habit of contemplating.

Sir Edward returned early in the evening to take his coffee with his wife, being accompanied by captain Maclan, whose pleasure at finding Miss Egerton staid at home to nurse lady Langdale, evinced the interest he took in her, and would have effectually cured sir Edward of his doubts, had any such remained. He now thought the captain a great deal too good for Maria, and had great difficulty in observing the promise he had made Griselda, of letting the affair take its own course, and permitting the captain to ramble out with the young lady, while he spent a cheerful hour in relating to her the chit-chat of the day, which involved the history of a promise he had given to Mrs. White, to join their party at Harrowgate immediately after the twelfth of August.

“ But will not Maria think that a long time to wait ? ”

“ Oh ! she is to go along with them

next week; you may go too if you please, but——”

“No more of this, Edward, I beseech you; for as I go only for pleasure, be assured I will not leave it behind me; and to leave the Grange, at this season of the year, now you have made it so beautiful, even if you were out of the question, would be a mortification to me; and I don't dislike *you* very much as a companion in such a paradise.”

“Agreed then; we will go as soon as I have laid the first trophies of my gun at your feet; in the meantime, I shall be employed every hour with my farm or my cottages.”

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### CHAP. III.

At the appointed time, Miss Egerton accompanied colonel White's family to Harrowgate; and lady Langdale, recovered from her indisposition, resumed her habit of accompanying her beloved companion in his visits to the workmen employed in his various improvements. The knowledge of country affairs obtained in early life, and that happy faculty of giving interest to trifles, and adorning objects of use with the garb of elegance, which was her peculiar quality, rendered her a companion of so much importance to her husband, that every moment of his life seemed incomplete, unless it was in some way connected with her; and the ride she did not partake,

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take, the opinion she did not hear, owed their principal charm to the sentiments she would give upon them in the hour of evening, which was ever enlivened by her conversation or her music.

She now devoted a good deal of time to drawing, when the baronet's affairs led him, beyond her circle: and her labours became a source of great gratification to both, which, after a short time, induced the baronet again to try his long-neglected pencil; and they began to sketch together, the banks of the Wharfe every where affording them delightful subjects. One day he observed that it was a great gratification to him to regain a little power of amusement in that way, as he could indulge it in the neighbourhood of Harrowgate, and without it, he did not know how he should pass his time there.

"You forget the billiards for morning, the matches for noon, and the cards for evening," said Griselda, "all of which, I have understood, are the regular pastimes of  
of

of the visitants at Harrowgate : when you are there, you will play, of course, but I am certain it will be moderately."

"I will play billiards, for I am fond of the game ; but if even there was no harm attending the other amusements beyond the dreadful impetus they give the mind, I would not engage in them for the world—no, Griselda, I have attained peace, and I will never know any pleasure unconnected with that celestial gift. My present pursuits engage, but never harrass my mind—occupy, but never distract me ; and I would not exchange them for the feverish but enervating interest excited by the gaming-table from choice, even if my present perception of such pleasures, in a moral and religious point of view, permitted me, which they certainly do not, to engage in them again. If, however, you do perceive me likely to fall—for who, with my impetuous temper, dare answer for himself?—you will, I trust, be near, as a tutelary goddess, to warn me from danger,

E 6

and

and point to the precipice beneath me. I am no longer afraid of being schooled by a wife ; not only your gentleness of nature, but the fine perception you have of my honour, enables me to trust implicitly to you for adding to, not diminishing my dignity ; had you been one whit less amiable, less indulgent, less delicate, than you are, your very generosity would have been a burden, against which I fear either the pride or caprice of my nature would have rebelled ; and instead of being the grateful being you had a right to find in a husband so singularly obligated, I should have become morose, imperious, suspicious, and captious ; and our retirement would have been embittered by perpetual recriminations, reproaches, and bickerings ; the first smile of fortune would have been hailed as the dawn of liberty ; and my return to the world would have stamped me a decided villain ; for when a man so attempered loses his own esteem, he cares little for the world's ; but your kindness  
has——

Bas——but no matter ; I hope my life, and more, my *death*, will show you that your “labour of love has not been in vain.”

We hope the fashionable world will forgive sir Edward for this short Scripture quotation, as he was not much given to peculiarities of this kind ; but having lately read the Bible a great deal, and being much pleased with the wonderful comprehensiveness of its language, and being more in the habit of conversing confidentially with a pious clergyman than any other person, some excuse may be made for him. Certain it is, however, that although he had been rustivating in the country so long, prosing with parson Berkeley and his own wife, he yet retained so completely the air “of a man of the very first world,” that when he drove up to the Dragon in Harrowgate, according to the direction of their good neighbours, who had now been there above a month, a number of young ladies in the drawing-room windows declared he was a most enchanting



chanting creature, and almost induced poor Miss Egerton to fall in love with him over again, notwithstanding she had given poor captain Maclan all reasonable encouragement.

Mrs. Goodland making her appearance, with that honest civility in her face and deportment which renders her so general a favourite, they were immediately ushered to their friends, and by them introduced to a very numerous party, before whom Miss Egerton had an opportunity of displaying a considerable portion of ingenuous sensibility ; but notwithstanding this little exhibition of hers, lady Langdale perceived that she had lost a good deal of her usual affectation, which she saw with great pleasure, justly imputing her improvement to the effects of general society, which usually produces a cure for peculiarities of manner, and a degree of self-possession, which is often desirable in minds of a timid or eccentric cast.

On lady Langdale retiring to dress, she

was

was accompanied by Mrs. White; she learnt from her, that captain Maclan had been on the whole very favourably received by Miss Egerton; but, at the same time, she had declared that he was unequal to fill the mighty void made in her aching heart; and Mrs. White feared that if any dashing spendthrift, with which Harrowgate abounded, should come in her way, and make book-speeches, she would forsake the honourable captain. Mrs. White was interrupted by a lady opening the door of the next room to her washerwoman, as it appeared; and in a pleasant voice, but Irish accent, and severe tone, begin to scold her for having charged a penny a-piece for her gowns more than she had done the preceding summer, declaring she abhorred imposition—so she did, and she never would submit to it.

“ If your ladyship considered the price of soap, and how dear every thing is during the season, I am sure——”

“ Don’t go to talk to me now about  
your

your dareness, and your soap now, and all your botheration, but take the money off your bill, Mrs. Westmoreland, and have done with your nonsense now."

"Indeed your ladyship is too hard, I cannot do it."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what you shall do, my good woman; you know I'm your friend, and I'll recommend you every where; so ye'll just wash my little girls pinafores into the bargain with their frocks, you see."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Griselda, "is the speaker indeed a gentlewoman?—and can any person who frequents such a house as this be so poor as to——"

"It is lady Llewellyn, and she is poor this morning, I dare say; for I saw her lose three hundred pounds last night; and the morning before she lost fifty guineas in the billiard-room, with betting: her little ladyship is very well known at this place as a systematic gambler; she regularly beats down every trades person in the place,

place, and seldom enters a shop without being insulted ; but I believe she pays her debts very regularly, which is something to say of a woman who lives by her wits."

"What a shocking life !—she is a widow, I conclude ?"

"Oh no, she is a young wife ; and was very pretty, a year or two ago—in fact, is considered so at this time ; but the dreadful course she is engaged in will soon destroy her constitution ; its ravages are already striking."

"But why does her husband permit her to proceed in a course which must injure his fortune, and will not fail to ruin her reputation ?"

"Because her husband happens to have no fortune to lose ; and his dependence on his wife obliges him to comply with her pleasure."

"Poor old man, he is to be pitied."

"Spare your pity ; the baronet is young and handsome, bred to the profession of arms, and honoured by the favour of his sovereign ;

sovereign ; married to a pretty woman, who has an income which might support them in comfort, and is the heiress of a noble fortune :—he is not precisely an object of pity.”

“ But he is one of decided contempt :—an idle soldier, in the prime of life, subsisting on his wife’s profits at the gaming-table, is a being that must stand alone in the annals of the British army.”

“ I hope so : but there is the dinner-bell, we must obey its summons.”

At dinner, lady Langdale was introduced to the two Miss Glynns, the younger of whom was the object of Mr. Hartop’s *pent*chant ; they were both beautiful women, and exceedingly admired ; but indeed there were so many elegant and handsome women in the room, that Griselda gazed round delighted, unconscious that she was herself the object of universal admiration.

In the course of the evening, she was introduced to lady Llewellyn, whose frank and insinuating manners so far won upon her,

her, that if she had not witnessed her conversation with the washerwoman, she would have concluded Mrs. White had painted her ladyship's failings in too strong a point of view. With sir Arthur Llewellyn she was still more pleased, for there was a manly openness in his fine countenance, and a dignity in his manner, which she thought utterly inconsistent with the meanness of soul imputed to him; and *she* would have imputed *that* compliance with his lady's errors to an affection for her, bordering on weakness, which others imputed to a baser motive, if his marked attentions to another person had not forced her to see, that unless he was acting from a particular pique, his sentiments were not quite so pure as she was willing to believe them.

After dinner, card-parties were formed for the evening; but lady Langdale preferred a walk in doctor Jaques's plantations, whither she was accompanied by the younger part of her party, sir Edward having

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ing agreed to play billiards with colonel Webster, who was considered the first player then in Harrowgate. The evening was mild, and the walk pleasant ; but the total deficiency of scenery was so striking to an inhabitant of Wharfedale, that she could not help complaining of it ; on which some of the gentlemen proposed a visit to Knaresborough in the morning, where they could ensure her a treat, as an admirer of the beautiful and picturesque ; on which captain Maclan said, that he was very anxious to make a party to visit Bolton Priory, a place not more than fifteen miles from Harrowgate, and yet, by an unaccountable fatality, never named among the lions of the neighbouring country ; Studley, Newby, and Hackfall, being considered, on one side, all worth seeing, and Harwood on the other ; whereas he was assured by an artist, now in the place, that Bolton far exceeded any of them in picturesque scenery ; and not only advanced this as his own opinion, but cited that of Turner and Westall,

Westall, who had repeatedly taken up their abode in its neighbourhood for purposes of study.

Lady Langdale was going most cordially to express her desire of visiting this place, which doctor Whitaker's description of, in the "History of Craven," had made in a great measure known to her, when recollecting from whom the proposition came, she contented herself with saying, she should have no objection, if sir Edward had none; thus prudently obviating the possibility of awakening uneasiness in her husband, from apparent partiality to captain Maclan's scheme.

Returning from their walk, they stepped into Hargrove's library to purchase his "History of Knaresborough," as a guide for their proposed excursion. Some fine prints of Fountain Abbey attracted Griselda's attention, and she was questioning Mr. Hargrove about them, when a gentleman, putting his head into the shop, called out



out to one in the news-room—"Don't stand poring there; we've got excellent sport at the Dragon billiard-room: lady Llewellyn has just won fifty guineas on W——'s play against the colonel, and she's betting on the colonel's side against a new comer: her old friend, lady Wingem, waddled down from the Granby just as I came out: there'll be warm work to-night; the new man's a man of mettle."

The print dropped from Griselda's hand, and a livid paleness overspread her countenance. "What have I done!" exclaimed she, internally: "why did I visit this place, and thus lead him into temptation?"

Miss White perceived she was unwell, but happily was ignorant of the cause. Lady Langdale took her arm, and saying she would look at the rest of the set to-morrow, hurried away, complaining of the heat. As she walked down towards the Dragon, a thousand fears came over her; and when one of the company proposed  
just

just looking in upon the billiard-players, she assented in silence, from a total inability to reply.

Sir Edward was declared victor, at the moment she entered, for the third time ; and lady Llewelin's face exhibited all the bitter disappointment of a female gamester, who had given the reins to her passions ; all the vivacity of her country sparkled in her eyes, and its volubility animated her tongue, but devoid of that graceful softness so peculiarly captivating in the well-bred Irish-woman : she readily acknowledged, however, the superiority of the baronet's play, and regretted that he was gone home, like a fool, to paint miniatures, instead of playing again as he ought to have done.

"If your ladyship has a *penchant* for betting on the play of artists, you will have another opportunity soon, for H. is coming in," said captain Maclan, whispering to Griselda : "that is the person who spoke to me so highly in praise of Bolton."

The consciousness of having already avoided

ed captain Maclan's attentions on this subject made Griselda feel very awkward, and a blush rose on her cheek: sir Edward was playing with the ball, and by mere chance, raised his eye at the very moment the whisper and the blush were given and raised. He was a moment puzzled, and his air of embarrassment increased his lady's colour. Before he had time to analyze his own feelings, or repress his curiosity, he was pressed to play with the person who had just entered; and though he had resolved not to play any more, yet a sense that it was folly in him to give way to the pique of the moment, made him anxious to hide it from Griselda; he therefore consented. The bets were greatly in his favour at first, owing to the great superiority of his play with the colonel; but the skill of his antagonist, which was fully equal to his own, was aided by the trepidation occasioned by his vexation; and those who had sported much on his play grew exceedingly alarmed: among these lady  
Mellor

Mellor was most conspicuous ; for though long established habits had given her ladyship much more command of countenance than her younger friend, yet her broad face, and rolling figure, exhibited, in a strong point of view, the prevailing passion, and rendered it doubly disgusting.

Sir Edward had hitherto kept his word to himself, and had literally played for the honours of conquest only ; but now suffering himself to be vexed with an imaginary evil, he grew warm in the dispute, and proposed repeated bets with his antagonist, which were all firmly, though modestly declined. Several of the bystanders were ready to take them, but this sir Edward did not accord with, though challenged by several ladies. The heart of Griselda palpitated with joy ; she forgot every part of her vexation, save that she saw it had tainted his brow with gloom ; but the consciousness of his resolution in the hour not only of temptation but of irritability, was delightful to her ; and the

openness of her countenance communicated, in a great measure, the satisfaction she felt to the baronet, who, when the game was finished, though lost, felt himself easier than when he begun, and proposed another, which, after a hard contest, he won, and it appeared the general opinion that the combatants were pretty equal. The artist, immediately after the second game, withdrew, leaving an impression on the baronet's mind much in his favour, and a still stronger on that of lady Llewellyn, as she had by his means, in the first game, recovered her losses, which, by uncommon luck in her ladyship's case, she had not quite lost in the second.

"That is rather an extraordinary young man," said sir Edward; "he knew his own power; he might have taken my money—I cannot conceive why he did not."

"'Tis *his* way," said major Stanton, a constant companion of the Llewellyn party; "he is perhaps the damndest fool in Christendom, for he plays well at every thing,

thing, and wont win at all, at all ; and they say he is devilish poor, too : what such a fellow's skull must be made of, I can't imagine."

"Very different materials from yours, I'll answer for it, major," said the baronet: then turning to his lady, he whispered, "Was Maclan mentioning this singular young man to you?"

"He was ; but I am so charmed with a more singular young man, that I am anxious to get out of this crowd, that I may tell him how proud—how happy he has made me."

"Ah ! but he has been on the very verge of folly—and—and——"

"I was the cause. Ah, Edward ! your nerves are hung very finely ; but you had a better right to suspect me this time than the last, for I felt like a fool, and therefore looked like one—I'll tell you, by-and-by, how it was."

The supper bell now rung, and they were parted. Having travelled near thirty miles

in the morning, lady Langdale wished to retire soon, and was just saying so to Louisa White, when the whole company were alarmed by the blast of a mail-coach horn, blown at the door of the Dragon: the ladies were alarmed, yet some of them tittered, with great apparent satisfaction, while several gentlemen exclaimed, "That's M. H.—oh the dear creature! now we shall have some spirit amongst us," was the universal cry; indeed every description, both grave and gay, were inclined to welcome Mr. H. with pleasure; but in a few moments two or three of his friends, who had ran out for the intelligence desired, returned to say that it was not the gentleman they expected, but the dashing Mr. Glover, driving his own mail-coach, and four of the finest bloods in the kingdom.

This welcome information was followed by the subject of it, a young man dressed in the extreme of the jockey mode, of a tolerable person, but whose countenance was marked with no other trait than that

of thoughtless good-humour, and an absence of reflection almost amounting to vacuity. As there was nothing in this gentleman's society which could greatly interest lady Langdale, though it appeared to operate as a charm upon many ladies present, she departed very soon, agreeable to the system of early hours happily established at the Grange.

The following morning, Mr. Glover was proposed as one of the Knaresborough party; and drove two of the Miss Whites, their mother, and Miss Julia Glynn, in his carriage, while Maria Egerton partook his coach-box, a mode of conveyance extremely disagreeable to lady Langdale, and still more so to captain Maclan, who seemed to fear the mail-coach would steal the heart of his languishing fair one, a circumstance which appeared likely to occur to every young lady who came within its vortex, and to affect, with still deeper interest, the married ones who were at all inclined to gambling, for they all seemed



to look upon this arrival as a certain means of increasing their funds, and prepared to pluck him without trouble or remorse.

When Griselda beheld the town of Knaresborough, hanging as it were on the side of a hill, round which the Nid winds circuitously, ornamented with its fine old church, and crowned by the venerable remnant of its broken castle, she was quite delighted with the scene, and declared that it far exceeded her expectations. The company, leaving their carriages, proceeded through the long walk to see the dropping-well ; on their way, the conversation turned upon the owner of this beautiful grove, and it was universally allowed, that sir Thomas S. by residing on his estates, and contributing in every possible way to the happiness of those around him, not only merited the gratitude of his country, but enjoyed a degree of consequence and respectability, not to be attained in any other mode of life, and which it was therefore a great pity to see so seldom adopted.

“ But

"But its such a cursed bore," said Mr. Glover; "who the devil could do it?"

"Who, indeed!" said the young ladies, echoing the sentiment as well as the words, with a pretty toss of the head.

"A man of superior talent, elegant manners, and great vivacity, does it, we all see," said colonel White, drily; "but I grant there are men of fashion who are very unequal to following his system."

"And a *handsome* man too," added his lady; "and I am fully persuaded he is the happiest man in the kingdom, for the exercise of benevolence, and the independence of fortune, resulting from conduct like his, constitute happiness, such as gentlemen of the present day seldom enjoy."

"I am sorry to contradict a lady, or rather to dissent from her," said sir Edward; "but indeed you have made so great an omission in your constituents of happiness, excellent as your materials are, madam, that I must beg leave to tell you, that until sir Thomas S. becomes a *married* man,

man, he will neither enjoy the happiness he is capable of, nor that which he doubtless merits; a man so situated may do much good, and receive much pleasure, from that good, but to be *happy* he must be married."

"'Pon my soul, sir, you surprise me very much; I always thought marriage a monstrous bore; but, as you say, sir Edward, if it makes a man happy, why that's another affair; I'm sure you're a very good judge: 'pon my soul, you're the only person that ever found out my sir Peter had had a splinter in his hoof;—well, I shouldn't wonder if I married myself."

The gentleman accompanied this declaration with a familiar nod to Miss Julia Glynn, not unmarked on unresented by her lover, Mr. Hartop, but received by the young lady with complaisance sufficient for the encouragement of so easy an admirer.

"Pray," said sir Edward to his lady, aside,

"was

"was there any period in my life when I was such a man as that? I am sadly afraid I shall be obliged to believe I was, Griselda."

"Make yourself perfectly easy on that head, for be assured there *never* was: think you, Edward, I could have loved such a man, or that such a man as he who so lately paid his wife an homage so warm and delicate as that I received ten minutes ago, was made of such materials as Mr. Glover?—no, Edward, there was always a heart and a mind on which I could build a hope for futurity—nor have I built in vain."

They arrived at the Well, and were much pleased with the beauty with which Nature has graced an object so comparatively small: but on coming from thence, those who had really taste were disgusted with that gingerbread work on a fine mass of rock called the Fort, which exceedingly injures the effect of the scenery; they therefore ascended no farther than St. Robert's Chapel; but learning there that

the fort was the work of a respectable old couple, who lived by the visitants, and the garden they had planted by unremitting industry, in despite of Nature's refusal, on the barren rock, they were tempted to go still farther; and in the fine prospect they attained of the surrounding country, and in the happy countenance of the governor's lady, found a reward for their exertions.

From Knaresborough they proceeded to Plumpton, a place where Nature seems to display, in miniature, whatever she has performed on a wider theatre.

This agreeable morning was concluded with as sociable and pleasant an evening; for although lady Llewellyn and her party, by a display of the most odious passions which can agitate the human mind, "rendered night hideous," yet there were not wanting many in the company who could share in the "feast of reason," and whose society made an agreeable change, even to those who felt the strongest inclination for the domestic circle.

The

The following day, as lady Langdale was returning from her own room, where she had been for a book, she saw a waiter carry a mutton-chop into lady Llewellyn's parlour, which she was informed, by Miss Glynn, was a common breakfast with her ladyship, about two o'clock, when she had been sitting up all night, which was now the case, as she had been effectually fleeing poor Glover the night before, and would most probably continue her depredations to-day, as he had been making matches with major Stanton and sir John Pilford, who probably knew how to manage him—" 'Tis a good soul, but he knows nothing of the value of money," added Miss Glynn; "her ladyship will make her ends of him, no doubt."

"I remember that woman," said an old gentleman, "about ten years ago, as pretty a good-humoured, unaffected girl as I have ever known, with a suavity of manners, and a strength of understanding, that rendered

her infinitely more agreeable than most young women of the present day are, and it grieves me exceedingly to see her sunk in the manner she is, from her degrading passion for play ; yet I wish it to be remembered, that she has hitherto preserved her character, under circumstances somewhat extraordinary in so pretty a young woman, and that she is an affectionate mother to her children : in the midst of her errors, let us never fail to look at the bright side of her character."

" We ought to do that certainly," said another, " for, at best, that of a female gamester is a very gloomy one : for my own part, I think it a very surprising thing, that after the run her ladyship has had for some years, there should be found one person kind enough, or hardy enough, to advocate her cause : but there needs no surprising powers to vaticinate her fate ; she plays every day more madly than the last ; and Stanton, who possesses the same principles,

principles, with a cooler head, will be the ruin of her; I am no prophet, if this season is not her last at Harrowgate."

From a conversation little congenial to the feelings of lady Langdale, she gladly turned to welcome a worthy family who were now introduced to her, consisting of sir Alfred Johnson, his lady, their son and daughter, and three younger children; in Miss Johnson was seen beauty devoid of affectation, and strength of mind unmixed with pedantry of manners; while in her happy mother was found all the urbanity and true politeness which used to distinguish gentlewomen who had the good fortune to be born in that era which admitted the mildness of a meek and quiet spirit as a female virtue.

In the course of a week, they found several of their old friends at the Granby, whither of course they went very frequently, not being fond of the obstreperous mirth of Mr. Glover. Lady Langdale loved the quiet society she formed there,  
with



with two married couples; and as sir Edward was absolutely haunted by Mr. Glover, who was eternally teasing him to make matches, give his opinion on horses, frock-coats, and ladies, he was often glad to escape with her, from impertinence that wearied, or folly that disgusted him; and it was very agreeable to them both to join in a little excursion, with their new friends, to Studley and Hackfall, which included their sleeping one night at Ripon, by which means they would be enabled to see the ancient statuary at Newby also.

With the *coup d'œil* of Studley Griselda was exceedingly gratified; for although it was not the kind of scenery with which she was charmed, yet it possessed attraction of one character, and was complete in its own way; and the surprising growth and various beauty of the trees was alone extremely gratifying to her. As they proceeded to tread the velvet path, they perceived a small party before them, consisting of three gentlemen and two ladies:

two

two of the gentlemen were in earnest conversation respecting the place, and the younger, at the moment sir Edward and lady Langdale passed, was exclaiming to his friend—"It is all frippery, sir; nature is sacrificed to frivolity:—what are these trim walks, and half-moon ponds, and neat hedges, but a dish of jelly and flummery?"

The remark, and the tone of animation with which it was uttered, led them to look at the speaker; who, the instant he was observed, dropped his eye, and retired in confusion; but the brilliancy of that eye, and the uncommon intelligence of all his features, which the moment he ceased to speak assumed an expression of the most tender and interesting melancholy, struck Griselda exceedingly, and the moment he was out of sight she said—"I wish I knew who that gentleman is;—if he is not a man of talent, of genius, I will resign all belief in physiognomy for ever."

"But you have no occasion, for this  
person

person is no other than your favourite poet, M—tg—m—ry ; I found who he was yesterday morning at the Well, and fully intended pointing him out to you when we went there again ; but you have seen him at a happier moment, for he then appeared to me a man borne down by cares, or crushed by domestic calamity, though there is no existing cause, I believe, for his apparent dejection."

"I wish we could be introduced to him ; I would be content to share the sublime-melancholy which inspired the 'Grave,' if I could catch an emanation of that glowing enthusiasm which must pervade the mind of him who painted the African in such interesting colours—how shall we accomplish it, my dear ?"

"That is a question I cannot answer ; if you can thaw the ice that surrounds him, you will be much happier than I can hope to be ; women generally manage these things best : but I was told yesterday, that although this poet really possesses all that  
true

true piety, active benevolence, and amiable simplicity, which so eminently characterize his writings, yet he is so unaffectedly modest, and so unfortunately melancholy, that strangers have no chance of enjoying his conversation, which, to his friends, is rich in all the graces and energy so conspicuous in his writings, and affords, if possible, a higher treat than the perusal of his poems. I understand he is fond of female society, where he is on an intimate footing with the parties; but an introduction to a lady he never saw before would freeze his powers instead of expanding them."

The party had now reached the first view of the Abbey, which they thought very fine; but Griselda, who saw it with the eye of an artist rather than an antiquary, was disappointed; as it is rather grand than picturesque. On reaching the spot, she was more gratified, as the interior is highly striking, and in many parts very beautiful. The other party, who were before them, was passing through the distant gates,

gates, save the poet, who lingered beneath an ivy-crowned pillar, as if he were indeed the "Muse of sorrow's darling child;" and Griselda quickened her steps, with a determination to throw herself in his path, and seek an opportunity to address him; but a lady of his own party at that moment returned, and seizing his arm, told him she would not let him escape her again. Her playful kindness seemed to call up a smile on his countenance, but his answer was not heard; he passed forward, and was soon lost sight of.

"How the women can like those poetical hum-drum fellows, I cannot imagine," said one of the party: "look at that fine girl, what pains she is taking with a man who is as much alive to her charms as the dust of the monks we are treading on—now she wouldn't have done as much for me, ten to one, though I had spent all the morning in making civil speeches to her—I can't understand *this*, egad."

"It is to be found in the best corner of  
a woman's

a woman's heart, and perhaps you have been used to skim only the surface of that curious little world, Mr. Bouverie," said sir Edward. "There is certainly no office in which the gentle nature of women can be more suitably employed than in soothing the sorrows, whether mental or bodily, of a virtuous man, to whom genius has given that acute sensibility which increases the evils of life, and too frequently enervates the power which should resist them ; and we find, to the eternal credit of the sex, that such men have generally found some fair hand and tender heart, who was willing to forego the gaudier pleasures of life, to pour the balm of comfort, to nurse the sick spirit of these distinguished, but not enviable beings ; and in my opinion, woman can only have one *higher* claim to our estimation, one *better* power delegated to her on earth than this."

"And pray what may that be, sir Edward?"

"To turn man from the '*error of his way,*'

way,' is a still nobler, because far more difficult office, than to support him under its afflictions——and, in my opinion——”

“My dear baronet, which of the fathers has inspired you? you preach like an oracle:—dam’me, what one lives to see!” exclaimed Bouverie.

“Don’t swear, Tom,” said the gentleman’s sister, an amiable woman, lately married to major Lushington, and spending the honeymoon at Harrowgate.

“Why, child, ’twould make any man swear to see what souls you women make of your husbands; but, mum, I think Lushington will never be taught to preach like the baronet; yet we all remember *him* the gallant gay Lothario,”

“I hope, however, he will adopt the practice,” said lady Langdale, “of sir Edward, or I shall regret having formed an acquaintance with a lady whom any other conduct must fail to make happy.”

“It is his sincere intention to do so,” said the major; “but he is too conscious  
of

of his own fallibility to promise much, being bound to the practice, and not averse from the preaching of the baronet; he will be proud of the opportunity it affords him of improvement."

The day following they visited Hackfall, and were delighted with its sequestered and romantic glades, where art has been truly the handmaid of Nature, and has dressed, but not bedizened her; in many places presenting pictures of the finest composition imaginable, and in others a lofty magnificence and untutored wildness, of a nature to awake the most solemn and delightful emotions: and lady Langdale could not help observing, that it was no wonder the druids, and other priests, had fixed on groves as consecrated spots, peculiarly adapted for worshipping Him "whose altar is all space," since every thing around tended to awake that train of ideas, and that tone of feeling, which leads "through nature up to nature's God."

On their return, they spent an hour at  
Newby-



Newby-hall, the seat of lord Grantley, where some fine ancient statuary is preserved in a beautiful gallery, built after the model of the gallery at Florence, together with some fine specimens of modern sculpture. The paintings which once graced this elegant seat are removed, but some exquisite Gobelin tapestry, of inestimable value, is still in the highest preservation. The house boasts another charm, "beyond the reach of art," as the abode of a worthy and amiable pair, whose rank affords a secondary lustre to their virtues.

On returning to their party at Harrowgate, they found, with some sorrow, that several unpleasant things had occurred in their absence; Mr. Glover had made a profession of love to Miss Julia Glynn, to the great mortification of Mr. Hartop, as the lady did not shew by any means the same predilection for himself as formerly. Miss Egerton had shown a prodigious inclination to flirt with a young lord, which had vexed the honourable captain Maclan so much, that  
in

in his turn he had paid attention to Louisa White. The house had gained some new visitants, of a nature rather amusive than agreeable—a Jew quack-doctor, his lady and their two daughters, with a splendid retinue, had arrived the night before; likewise a West India heiress, and a dowager countess, whose former celebrity arose rather from her beauty than her conduct, which had been thought, rather than called too free. Lady Llewellyn had lost a large sum to major Stanton, and was then bitterly repenting her folly; but her spouse, regarding the affair with the utmost *sang froid*, continued to pay his attentions to the pretty little Mrs. Jefferson, whose husband, a dignified clergyman, staid quietly at home in Nottinghamshire, not dreaming of any harm that could befall his helpmate, at a place which she declared in every letter should not detain her an hour beyond the time when it cured her of her bilious affection. A Scotch duchess of great notoriety had arrived at the Granby; and

and a dashing major, just come into possession of his fortune, and who thought it incumbent on him to have a passion for the turf, had taken a lodging-house for his mistress and servants. Such was the news of the day, as communicated on their return to this mart of gaiety, which, like every other watering-place, unites the discordant claims of health and dissipation.

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#### CHAP. IV.

LADY Langdale was too much the real friend of Miss Egerton not to question her respecting the report she had heard of her conduct with lord Henry Osman ; but the young lady easily satisfied her as to any intention she might have in her apparent inconsistency ; and she very soon restored

*this*

*this* pair of lovers to their usual habits of intercourse ; but poor Mr. Hartop, whose mind was one of no common mould, and who had long loved Julia Glynn with all the tender affection of a delicate and ardent attachment, was not blessed with so happy a mediatrix ; for the partiality of the young lady and her father for the dashing Mr. Glover became every day more apparent. These young ladies had very small fortunes ; and Mr. Hartop, who had lately become the possessor of a respectable estate, would have been considered a great match, if this jockey-gentleman had not presented the superior claim of having above half got through a very fine fortune, of being the heir to a distant title, a member of the four-in-hand club, a general disturber of all sober folks, and a monstrous comical creature.

For these qualifications, a lovely young woman, who had confessed attachment to an amiable young man, and who appeared to have sensibility enough to experience

the attachment she had professed, could wound the heart devoted to her, and enter on a new system of life, at the suggestions of her own and her father's ambition. "Of pride and avarice who can cure the fair?"

Lady Langdale saw this sacrifice with deep concern; but her influence could have little avail, opposed to the authority of a parent, and the delusions of a misguided mind, which threw a veil over its feelings, dignified, but very unworthily, with the name of prudence; since a spendthrift, with ten thousand a-year, can never be equal to a sensible and prudent man with two, even on the score of pecuniary considerations.

Lady Llewellyn made everlasting attacks on sir Edward, for her late losses had driven her to try the weak part of every one's character; and never were the female arts of fascination carried to a higher pitch, either as levelled at the senses or the principles of a man whose nature laid him open to attacks of this kind. But in this case, every attack strengthened the citadel, and  
sir

sir Edward rose more the conqueror from every assault. This was not so much the effects of resolution, though that, in a man of his powerful mind, was undoubtedly very strong, as from the habit of being happy, without having recourse to such stimulants as are presented by gambling or intrigue; his energies were now properly directed; his activity had gained an appropriate channel; and his heart, in the contemplation of higher objects, and the sense of fulfilling present duties, had ensured a degree of happiness he was too wise to barter for any temporary indulgence.

As soon as Griselda perceived that matters were placed on an amicable footing between Miss Egerton and her lover, she renewed their project of visiting Bolton Priory, though she was sorry to see a necessity of including in their party the noisy Glover, and several others not exactly consonant to her wishes; as, however, the thing appeared unavoidable, an early day

was fixed on, and their conveyance arranged.

The badness of the roads easily explained to the company the reason why Bolton should not be as much an object of attraction to the visitants of Harrowgate as Studley, and this evil increased the nearer they approached their destination; when, however, they had crossed Bolton bridge, and caught the windings of the river through that enchanting vale they were about to visit, all murmurings were at an end, and every one rejoiced in anticipated pleasure, having procured an introduction to Mr. C. the rector, to whose correct taste this enchanting place is indebted for many exquisite improvements. They were received by him at his own house, in itself a little paradise, at the entrance of the grounds, and by him conducted to all the most beautiful points of view to be found in a spot where "Nature works at will her virgin fancies," and Art points only with the  
finger

finger of taste to those finer features where her beauties are the most conspicuous.

Fountain Abbey, though extending over ten times the ground, is in no point of view to be compared with the picturesque ruins of the Priory at Bolton, which, placed on a gentle curvature in the Wharfe, commands all the scenery that adorns that unequalled river. After viewing the ruins, they proceeded on its banks through a road most beautifully diversified with covert wood and open lawn, about three miles, when a new scene, consisting of an immense amphitheatre of woods, crowned by the ruins of Bardon Tower, round whose lofty banks the Wharfe wound in all its proudest beauty, now contending with broken rocks, through which its foaming current forced its way through a thousand fissures—now contracted by their enormous masses, it poured its deepened stream—and now dilated by their receding forms, spreads wide, exulting in its recovered liberty. The scene was majestic to  
 G 3                      awfulness,



awfulness, yet it revealed "the form of beauty smiling at the heart." Sir Edward, wrapped in delight, stood silently gazing on the scene, when Mr. Glover exclaimed—"What a devil of a noise the river makes! for all we're so far above it, there's no hearing one's own voice—I'll be damned if there is. What do they call it, I wonder?"

"It is the Wharfe," replied sir Edward—"the *Verbeia* of the Romans, who erected altars on its banks, having a different perception of its merits to yours."

"The Romans were queer fish, if they liked such a din as this in their ears: give me a river that runs smooth, and looks sleek like my black mare."

"Like *you*, Mr. Glover, I am fond of gentle currents, I confess," said Julia Glynn, with a sweet smile.

"Then you will be gratified by the Wharfe, ma'am, by-and-by; for he is not less remarkable for his loud brawling in this contention for empire with the rocky banks, than for his majestic gliding and gentle

gentle murmuring through the sylvan scenery below," said Mr. C.

"The lady ought to be gratified, I am certain," said Mr. Hartop; "for it seems caprice is the characteristic of beauty in the river, and sympathy ought to unite beauties of every description."

"Let us leave this paradise," said lady Langdale in a whisper, "for, like the first, an evil spirit creeps in to pollute it."

They descended with regret, and followed their elegant guide to a spot apparently formed in the wildest caprice of nature. Here enormous rocks stepped forward, as it were, to oppose the progress of the river, which, thus suddenly contracted, poured, with concentrated force, through a narrow chasm, which appeared reluctantly to open its ponderous jaws to the impetuous stranger, which, dashing its angry spray on every side, roars, foams, and thunders through the opposing mass, opening itself a terrific channel, and presenting a picture at once sublime and appalling. This place,

Mr. C. informed the company, was called the *Stride*, it being supposed possible for a person to step, or rather jump, over the river, at one particular point.

"I have a very good mind to do it myself," said Mr. Glover.

A loud shriek from the ladies assured him that he ought not to attempt it.

"I will give any man twenty guineas that will: I wonder where all the servants are? I wish I could see any labourers or people about. I'll bet you what you dare I get a man to leap it."

"I shall advise any person you may tempt by the offer of money to reject that temptation," said Mr. C.

"Well, sir, and what then? I will give any man forty, fifty, a hundred guineas, if I please, sir."

"You may, sir; but you will find no man in this neighbourhood," returned the clergyman, with mild dignity, "so little acquainted with his duties, or so little attached to life, as to risk it for money he  
does

does not want ; and I dare venture to assert, that my advice, in my own parish, would certainly outweigh your offers."

Mr. Glover had all the inclination in the world, notwithstanding his general good humour, to bluster a little, and question Mr. C.'s right of interference ; but the manly firmness of the latter made him confess " it wouldn't *take* ;" and sir Edward, anxious to restore good humour, said—  
 " This place derives a melancholy interest from the fate of a lovely youth, the only child of his parents, who here—but perhaps you all know his story?"

On being assured to the contrary, he continued thus—" At the siege of Berwick, David, king of Scotland, dispatched his nephew, Fitz-Duncan, to ravage Craven, at that time considered, as now, a place of uncommon fertility ; he pursued his ravages as far as Wharfedale, laying waste the country with fire and sword, and driving the peaceful inhabitants before him to cruel captivity. Not content with these

barbarities, in nine years afterwards he returned, and, by a repetition of these barbarous cruelties, made himself master of this beautiful demesne, where he resided. He married Aaliza, who adopted her mother's name, Romelle, founder of the neighbouring priory at Embsay. The sorrows Fitz-Duncan had inflicted on others were felt by himself; for his large family dropt off, one by one, until he had only one child left, who was a youth of uncommon talents, and generally distinguished by the appellative of the 'boy of Egremont:' he survived his father, and gave promise, by his amiable character, of becoming a blessing to the neighbourhood; but in his sixteenth year, as he attempted to spring over this place, with a favourite greyhound in his leash, the affrighted animal drew back, and by that means plunged his unhappy master in the frightful abyss, from whence you may perceive there is no possibility of recovery. His poor mother removed the priory of Embsay to Bolton, and instituted an  
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an order of monks to pray for the soul of her unfortunate boy."

"How interesting do local events render places of this description!" said Griselda: "I could now imagine I heard the last groan of the unhappy boy issue from this tremendous gulf, and fancy that the wood re-echoed with the wailings of his more unhappy mother."

"Well," said Mr. Glover, "if I thought it would drown a man, I wouldn't send him; but that's his affair, not mine."

"That's very true," said Mr. Hartop; "for the groanings of either him or his mother would expire on the smack of your whip, and fly off on the turn of your wheels."

The keen irony with which this was uttered induced Mr. C. to say, that he had no doubt but many people of agility might take the leap with perfect safety, although he did not think it could be done by countrymen, who boasted rather strength than agility; adding, he had seen it taken the

day before, by an artist now studying in the lodge at Bolton.

"That is the person," exclaimed sir Edward, "who engaged me at billiards; I saw him about half an hour ago, sketching in the woods; I will not be beat *twice*." As the last word fell from his lips, he vaulted over the Stride; and the astonished party scarcely believed the evidence of their senses when they beheld him on the other side; some of the ladies screamed, some clapped their hands, all declared themselves monstrously terrified, and prodigiously delighted; but Griselda, trembling with terror, and vexed at the impetuosity which dictated such a step, remained pale and silent, supporting herself on the arm of Louisa White.

Sir Edward felt, for a moment, the pleasure of conquest and admiration; but the emotion was momentary; the blanched cheek of Griselda tamed the flushing of his own; and he felt that for the pain he had given *one* kind heart that loved him, the  
 applause

applause. "of stupid starers and of loud buzzas" could not offer an equivalent. In a few moments the little world around him, like the great world who has so often condemned her heroes on similar grounds, began to find that the leap back was much more difficult than the one he had taken, and a profusion of bets were made that he could not return. Sir Edward was stepping back, to "tempt the dangerous pass," when Griselda waved her hand; he stopped suddenly, and assured her of his safety; unable to speak, she could only make a motion for him to desist: he was evidently vexed at her requisition; but the agony painted in her countenance was not to be combatted by argument, and he promised her hastily he would not attempt it. Satisfied with his assurance, she withdrew from the awful spot, attended by some of the ladies, as fast as her tremor would permit, and regained her carriage, while the party remained on the scene of action.

As soon as she was out of sight, every  
means



means were resorted to to induce sir Edward to recross the Stride; but his word was sacred, and the absence of his lady made no difference in his conduct; his situation was awkward, as he was obliged to walk to a considerable distance before he could cross a bridge; but the consciousness that he must inevitably lose the confidence of his wife, if he allowed himself to be rallied into another jump, operated as a preservative; and though he could not quite preserve his temper, his conduct was pure. To those who know how far the world's wide laugh, which "not the stern philosopher can scorn," operates on the minds of men who have ever been celebrated for excellence in athletic pursuits, this little trait will prove how much sir Edward was improved in his powers of self-denial, by an intercourse with one whose comfort and well-being were now become very dear to him.

Griselda ordered her carriage to drive directly to the bridge, where she would meet  
sir

sir Edward, being impatient to thank him for his forbearance in the *last* instance, rather than reproach him for his want of it in the *first*. His walk had been long, warm, and fatiguing, and every step of it had induced him to think he had suffered himself to be led by Griselda into a very ridiculous situation. She read his thoughts as he approached the carriage, and summoned all her fortitude to her aid, determined to bear all he could say with patience, however undeserved, and never allow herself to recriminate, though she still felt that she had a right to complain of the shock she had received. She reaped the fruits of this conduct in the restored temper of her husband ere she joined her party; and in the course of an hour, sir Edward, conscious that, in conquering his own desires, he had o'erleapt a mightier torrent than the Wharfe, became again the delight of the party, and especially dear to the ladies, with whom courage, however exerted, is a quality which commands all their affection and admiration;

miration ; and Griselda herself found something like pride mingle in the sensation she felt in reviewing his leap ; so strangely is the human heart constituted, that it " may love the thing it fears to look upon."

This was an eventful day to some of the party. The dashing carriage and dashing manners of Mr. Glover confirmed the predilection of Julia Glynn in his favour ; while, on the other hand, the marked attention she gave him disgusted Mr. Hartop, and induced him to determine on coming to a decisive *eclaircissement* ; while the gentle Maria, on the other hand, determined on being faithful, and concluding her engagement as soon as possible, lest the captain should follow the example of his friend Hartop, and leave her without the same provision of two strings to her bow, possessed by the envied Julia Glynn.

On returning to Harrowgate, another murmur of disapprobation was buzzing round the house, respecting lady Llewellyn, whose

whose party was now a thin one: major Stanton had of late attended so much to a lady at the Granby, that it was thought both parties would be called to account at Doctors' Commons, and at the same time he had been making honourable addresses to Miss Honduras, the only daughter of a West India merchant, to whom lady Llewellyn had paid uncommon attention, as it was believed; for the express purpose of repaying, by kindness, the money she had lost to the major. That any one should be so wicked as to lead an innocent young woman into a sacred engagement with an unprincipled villain for the sake of temporary convenience to themselves, appeared so shocking, that lady Langdale rejected these stories as mere scandalous anecdotes, until her own observation forced the conviction on her mind, and led her to seek for some effectual means of serving Miss Honduras, who was of a description too likely to fall into the decoy art or necessity

sity might induce the wicked and designing to lay for her.

A few days after their jaunt to Bolton, as lady Langdale was calling on her friends at the Granby, her attention was arrested by a young person in deep mourning, who was following three children on the passage, as if they were returning from a walk. At the moment in which they passed the bar, Mrs. Greaves addressed the young lady, saying—"Do, pray, Miss, step in, and take a jelly; I am sure you look quite pale and faint; I'm sure my heart just aches to see you. You can just take a jelly now, before you are wanted."

The young person, in a low voice, but very obliging manner, refused the jelly, and passed forward; the voice and figure both struck Griselda as known to her; and being at that moment informed by the servant that the lady she called on was not at home, she stepped into the bar, and asked Mrs. Greaves if she knew the name of the  
young

young person to whom she had been speaking ?

“ I have never heard her name, my lady ; but I am sure, poor thing, she’s in a very bad way ; and I can’t help feeling for young people that is in dependant situations ; and I often want her to take something nourishing, but I can very seldom get her, though I see plain enough she’s sinking and sighing day by day, and nobody takes any notice of her, as it were.”

“ Is she governess to the children I saw her with ? ”

“ Yes, my lady ; and a set of strange spoiled things they are, and they just pull her to pieces, and their mama never corrects ’em for it, do what they will. It does not become me to make remarks on people that come to my house ; but I happen to know what belongs to children, my lady, for I have nine of my own, and I may say safely they are very different from lady Culling’s, who I take to be not much of a lady, from a many things, more the pity—  
but

but I see her man's in the passage, so I'll just step and ask the governess's name."

Mrs. Greaves returned, saying—"It is Templeman, my lady."

"Good Heavens, it is poor Miss Templeman! I thought I knew the voice; pray call her: tell her a *friend* wishes to see her this moment."

Mrs. Greaves soon brought the astonished and delighted girl to lady Langdale; but she was so much hurt at the ravages either sickness, sorrow, or both, had made in her appearance, that she could scarcely tell her how rejoiced she was to find her, after having lost her in so sudden and, to her, unaccountable a manner.

Poor Miss Templeman's joy at finding a friend, at a time when her declining health and broken spirits made one peculiarly precious, was expressed by her tears, rather than her thanks, for lady Langdale's assurances of protection, which she received with great timidity; but she gratefully accepted her invitation to spend the evening  
with

with her alone, at the Dragon, provided lady Culling would consent to it.

Anxious to do her good, and shocked at the ravages made in her youthful form since that eventful night when she was the centre of attraction to the gay crowd at lady Castlehowel's, the humane Griselda did not hesitate immediately to wait on this lady, who, she found, was then in an adjoining parlour.

Lady Culling was the wife of a rich city knight, vulgar from education, mean from principle, and haughty from habit; of course servile in her address to all above her; she received lady Langdale with fawning civility, and heard her request with surprise, evincing, from her whole manners, a disposition to every fault which could render the situation this sweet girl held under her roof disagreeable, even to wretchedness; and lady Langdale did not wonder when she left her, that the roses of blooming eighteen had withered beneath the "proud one's contumely;" but she  
trusted



trusted the hand of fostering kindness might yet restore them to their genial growth.

Sir Edward sincerely partook the feelings of his lady, with respect to this child of early sorrow; but fearful that his presence might impede the freedom of conversation, he formed an engagement for the evening, and she received her alone in a private parlour.

When the poor girl found herself *tête-à-tête* with one whose looks and manners were calculated to inspire that confidence for which her over-burthened heart had long sighed in vain, she appeared at first overwhelmed with the new-found sensation; she panted in convulsive agitation, and after a few ineffectual efforts to speak, burst into a flood of tears.

Her apparent ill health, which indicated great nervous weakness, the deep mourning she wore, and still more the character of her present protectress, accounted for this passion of grief to the feeling and delicate mind of Griselda, who sought not to  
check

check its force till she saw the proper moment for consolation; when gently taking her hand, she inquired, if in any manner she could conduce to her comfort? lamenting that her sudden departure from the countess of Castlehowel's had put it out of her power to serve her, at a time when she had conceived a more than common interest in her.

The sweet girl raised lady Langdale's hand to her lips, pressed it with great emotion, and wept again.

Somewhat surprised, lady Langdale then said—"Although the situation in which I find you, Miss Templeman, indicates at once the proper independence of your mind, and the propriety of your conduct, in choosing a safe, though I fear an unpleasant asylum, yet you must allow, that the *suddenness* of your removal was likely to excite surprise to your friends?"

Miss Templeman recovered herself in some degree during this speech, and readily answered—"Oh, madam! consider how much I was alarmed during the masquerade-

night

night by the various warnings and insinuations I received. Long unhappy and undetermined ; conscious that my situation was every way improper, yet unable to leave it, or even assign a direct reason why I should desire to do so, from that eventful night I knew not a moment's peace. Mrs. Barnet promised to befriend me, and I vainly hoped she would fulfil her promise of seeing me the following day. After waiting in vain, I contrived a short time after to call at her house, where all my hopes were annihilated, by being informed that she had left the kingdom. My visit was discovered by the countess, who ridiculed and abused me with such acerbity, that my mind was wrought up to an excess of feeling which rendered me capable of any effort to emancipate myself ; and having frequently busied myself with the advertisements in the 'Morning Post,' I ventured to answer one, and appoint a meeting with the parties. This circumstance led me to an interview with lady Culling, who, pleased to find I had been an inmate with

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with a fashionable countess, readily engaged me, almost on my own conditions. I selected her from the other advertisers merely because she was going *immediately* into the country; and such was my extreme anxiety to fly for ever from a scene in which apparent gaiety, but actual wretchedness, had been my only portion, that my mind was in a state of indescribable perturbation, and almost breathless anxiety, until I found myself far on the road to lady Culling's mansion in the country; when her unfeeling interrogations first taught me to know I had *exchanged* my chains, not lost them: but, thank Heaven! those I wear *now* are safe ones, and they will soon—soon be dropped for ever."

The tone of desponding resignation with which these words were uttered affected lady Langdale exceedingly; and eager to prevent the youthful invalid from dwelling on her complaints, she exclaimed—"But why, my love, did you not apply to me? I gave you my address, as well as Mrs. VOL. III. H                      Barnet;

Barnet; I was as much your friend as she was."

A deep scarlet suffused the pale cheek of her to whom this question was addressed; and a gentle sigh, and a tremulous motion in the lip, was the only answer she appeared able to give.

Lady Langdale felt extremely uneasy; she had a horror of mysteries; and the undefined feeling which stole over her mind was so little in unison with the sensations she had hitherto felt for this lovely girl, that she strove to banish it, as the offspring of unworthy mistrust, but yet was unable to efface it. Both for some minutes remained silent, and the conversation which followed was constrained and insipid; and both would probably have parted with little satisfaction to either, if sir Edward, having recollected some question he had to ask his lady, had not left his party, and come unexpectedly into the room: he staid as short a time as possible; but the air of surprise with which Miss Templeman regarded

regarded him, caught lady Langdale's attention, and she could not help inquiring if she now saw sir Edward for the *first* time ? adding, she supposed she had seen him frequently during her residence with lady Castlehowel ?

" I only saw him *twice* during the whole winter, and his visits were short ; nor do I ever remember hearing his voice distinctly till now, when it reminded me so much of the voice of the Bramin in the masquerade, when he spoke naturally to me at parting, that I could not help expressing the surprise I felt."

" Your ear is very accurate, for it *was* sir Edward who addressed you."

" Is that possible ?—how much I have been deceived !—I thought—I—I understood——"

" Ah, Miss Templeman, I now begin to understand you ; perhaps some one has prejudiced you against sir Edward Langdale ?"

" Yes, indeed, my lady, I was taught on  
H 2 that

that very night, by various innuendoes, to dread sir Edward, and almost to mistrust your friendship.—Pardon me, I beseech you; but indeed, *indeed* my own heart was not to blame; even the King of the Gypsies, while he extolled you highly, bade me to beware of your lord.”

The extreme hesitation and difficulty with which these words were uttered which adverted to the Gypsy King, proved, to the penetrating eye of lady Langdale, that the sting of hopeless love had not been wanting to complete the ordeal of this hard-fated girl; and now fully sensible that her mysterious silence had been entirely caused by her fears, however needlessly excited, of sir Edward, her heart again expanded towards her, with all that genuine tenderness and benevolence it was so accustomed to feel. Though vexed with captain Seymour for hinting any thing to sir Edward's disadvantage, especially at the very moment when he was engaged, with equal zeal, and probably more disinterestedness

estedness than himself, in warning her lovely *protégée*, yet sad remembrance of what her husband *had been*, obliged her to own he was liable to be charged with many sins of which he was, even in his gayest moments, incapable ; since the wicked ever rejoice in circulating reports which reduce the failing to *their* medium ; and even the virtuous are, in many cases, led to place the worst construction on every part of the conduct of those who have been guilty of error : fearful of injuring the barriers of virtue, they feel it a duty to protect them, by a jealousy which sometimes precludes the return of those who are *undecided* characters ; thus producing “ a bad effect, but from a noble cause.”

The hearts of these two amiable women again opened to unreserved intercourse ; the conversation became affecting and confidential : in the course of it lady Langdale learnt, through many signs of severe grief, that in the course of the last winter, Miss Templeman's father had died at the Ma-



deiras, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health ; that her mother had been induced to sail from thence to the East Indies, and was not expected in England till the ensuing spring. She learnt, too, that the young lady had a brother, two years younger than herself, who was likely to accompany their mother, he being in the Company's service ; but these little family anecdotes recalled so many sources of bitter anguish, and displayed so many traits of affection and virtue, that lady Langdale resolved, if possible, to snatch the youthful and amiable sufferer from the evils that more immediately surrounded her, and restore her to her surviving parent, with renovated health and consoled feelings. Aware that the unhappy mother had lost not only a husband, but her support, she felt now how much the errors of her husband had cramped her own benevolence ; and some sighs for her lost fortune mingled with those awakened by her sympathy ; but the recollection that her husband

hand was no longer the being: innocence had a right to fear, or virtue to decay, poured the balm of consolation on her heart; and when she parted from her new-found friend, she assured her, that their next meeting would be a more happy one to them both, promising to call on lady Culling very soon, and again obtain the pleasure of a visit.

Though the eager benevolence of Griselda had already, in imagination, placed the fatherless girl in her own house, and made her the happy partaker of its every comfort, yet she did not consider herself justifiable in making her an offer to this effect until she had mentioned it to sir Edward; accustomed even in trifles to consult his pleasure and obey his will, she felt it an indispensable duty to inform him of her wishes, ere she gave them birth, to the young lady, having, however, not the slightest doubt but that his heart, warm as her own in the cause of benevolence, would

rejoice in the opportunity of obeying its dictates.

Under this impression, Grisekda was struck exceedingly with the chilling coldness with which sir Edward received her proposal, and the heartless manner in which he told her, that she had rather his consent than his *approbation* for inviting Miss Templeman to the Grange.

Such a consent amounted to refusal; and lady Langdale, puzzled and distressed, felt a struggle between duty and inclination, such as she had never before experienced. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and poor Miss Templeman, whose hopes, however inadvertently, had been certainly raised, by the uncommon kindness of lady Langdale's manners, saw preparations for their departure from Harrowgate with extreme regret, which had a visible effect on her health. The friends of sir Edward and his lady had never suffered the latter to have an hour alone of late; and a new family

mily at the Granby had engrossed a good deal of her attention ; this was sir James and lady Eden, and a sweet family of four little children, to whom lady Langdale paid more than common attention, from having understood that their governess was going to leave them ; under the idea that if sir Edward persisted in the reluctant, and apparently unkind system he had adopted on Miss Templeman's affair, she should perhaps be enabled to place her in a situation more congenial to her wishes.

Sir James Eden and his lady were so completely imbued with the education mania, that their society afforded little pleasure to any person not immediately engaged in the same pursuit : although very elegant in their manners, and possessing unusual information and intelligence, yet few could possibly adopt their sentiments and pursuits in such a manner as to render intimate intercourse agreeable ; but to Griselda, who was exceedingly fond of

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children,

children, the kindest allowance for even the eccentricities of affection was even possible, and she could listen with patience to a dissertation on the merits of a spelling-book, or the defects of a back-board, which set every other person in company on the fidgets.

Lady Eden appeared so amiable, and her children so tractable, that Griselda could not imagine what could be the reason that Miss Collins had declared an intention of quitting her charge ; and though she could not be sorry for a circumstance which promised an opening for her *portegée*, whose health and spirits declined daily, yet, as she had remarked that all lady Eden's children looked pale and sickly, she began to fear that perhaps they were, notwithstanding the apparent number of their attendants, in some way a burden upon the governess, to which Miss Templeman might not be equal : as this was much upon her mind, she took occasion, in a delicate manner,

her, to inquire, one day, of Miss Collins, if she had any pressing reason for declining a charge apparently so interesting ?

“ I am attached to the children, my lady, and sorry to leave them ; but my constitution is quite unequal to lady Eden’s system.”

“ Indeed ! I had no idea that lady Eden could be severe in her requisitions, her manners are so mild.”

“ Oh yes, my lady, she is very mild herself, but her physic is far from mild.”

“ Physic !”

“ Yes, certainly, my lady ; she obliges every person in the house to take physic three times a-week, at the least ; the poor children have regular courses of pills and lessons, drafts and lectures ; and from sir James to the lowest servant in her household, no one escapes ; ’tis the business of her life to regulate the minds and bodies of her family, which is the reason she brought nearly her whole establishment to this place, for the benefit of the waters,

I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge her kindness, since she assures me that she has repeatedly saved my life, which was threatened by *latent* disease; but the quantity of water I am obliged to drink here, in addition to my regular medicines, has made me so weak that I begin to lament the eradication of the plethora that threatened me."

A loud laugh from sir Edward, who had witnessed part of this conversation, disconcerted the relater, who hastily departed; leaving Griselda, vexed and disappointed, looking at sir Edward in a kind of lack-a-daisical way, that told him it was no laughing matter to her; whatever he might think of it.

"Excuse me, Griselda, I *must* laugh; for before I overtook you, I had heard a conversation between the groom and coachman of this pharmaceutical lady, in which it appeared that a dose of Harrogate-water had been ordered the horses, which the foolish brutes had refused to swallow.—

swallow. "Come, don't look so grave; this dosing system will never do for your *protégée*, so we must make the best of it; and by taking her to the Grange, endeavour, as you say, to restore her health before the arrival of her mother; at present, she has so completely lost her good looks, poor girl, that I believe even the proscribed sir Edward Langdale may be trusted with her."

"Trusted! I could trust an angel to your care, Edward."

"You have more confidence in me than the world has, Griselda; and I would avoid giving it occasion of surmise and conjecture; my days of notoriety are, I trust, at an end; and though I do not wish for obscurity, since that might impede my usefulness, I am certainly more anxious to avoid blame than solicitous for applause, save from approving Heaven, and conscious rectitude."

This interesting conversation was interrupted by Mr. Glover, who, seizing sir Edward's



Edward's arm, insisted on his going immediately to witness his driving-match, on the green before the Dragon, in his mail-coach—"Betted the coach and my four bays against lady Llewellyn's five hundred, that I drive the figure to a T—know you are up to things, my boy, only turned quiz of late; so come along, see that all a fair little woman in a fine pucker—lost three hundred to Stanton last night—locked in with him till breakfast-time—ladies all looking mum—every body whispering; but come along, the natives have been waiting this half-hour; Stanton, Denison, sir Bobby, and the Glynns, all on the fidgets—that's the go, dam'me—all alive at the Dragon, ye see!"

"Pray, my dear, make haste," said lady Langdale, "for Mr. Glover's eloquence is irresistible; I must step on to the Granby to lady Culling's, as you are aware." As she spoke, she quickened her pace, the contrary way.

"'Pon my soul, a fine woman, sir, Edward;

ward ; don't wonder she *leads*—would go in *her* traces myself—that I would, dam'me. Julia Glynn a fine creature, isn't she ?—think we shall harness together next month ?—what think you, hey ?”

“ I understood Miss Julia was engaged to Mr. Hartop, Mr. Glover.”

“ Oh, ay! he's devilish sulky ; wouldn't do ; has but two thousand a-year, or thereabout ; can't dash ; July likes flash ; that's the go ; daddy knows what's *what*—looks to the title—you take ?—all the women like such lads as *us*, hey, sir Edward ? There's my lady, now—gad, she's a woman to my mind—liked you when you were queer, hey, my boy. ?”

“ But not *because* I was queer,” replied sir Edward, with some acerbity ; in fact, the high esteem in which he held his lady rendered him unable to hear her very name mentioned by a person whose intellect and character he held in such contempt, without experiencing considerable soreness. To hearing his own name associated with gamblers, coxcombs, and jockies,

jockies, he submitted, as a kind of penance; it was his duty to endure patiently; but to find his wife considered capable of marrying such a man as he was said to be, wounded the delicacy of his feelings in every point where she was concerned; and even his self-love could not prevent his perceiving that the purity and nobleness of Griselda's mind was degraded; when she accepted him, in the eyes of the virtuous. This fine perception of propriety led him, with increased affection, to rescue her as far as possible from condemnation, by becoming such a one as a virtuous and exalted woman could indeed own for the lord of her obedience and her love; and every return to the paths of wisdom, made by the energies of his mind, was sweetened by the consciousness that it was the tribute of his tenderness and gratitude to her.

A mind thus organized could only be happy or miserable in the exercise of its powers and sensibilities; and sir Edward could scarcely persuade himself, at times,  
that

that he had ever been engaged in pursuits where his heart had no concern. Over the remembrance of its wanderings he sighed ; but from the recollection of those errors, whose deformity was neither veiled by imagination or passion, he turned in disgust, rather despising than lamenting them : to such, therefore, he had no fear of returning ; and in occasionally conversing with Glover, or such as him, he felt not a momentary fear of relapse ; but when Griselda had proposed the constant residence of a young, beautiful, and interesting girl with them, he had trembled for himself, notwithstanding the conscious love which possessed his whole heart for his Griselda ; and this occasioned the coldness with which he had received the proposal. After frequently seeing her, he became more confident in himself ; and was thus enabled to give that cordial assent to taking Miss Templeman to the Grange, which, at this moment, had made the happy Griselda fly to propose such a removal to that

that amiable girl ; while he, sympathizing in her joy, attended the expected triumph of the " best whip in Harrowgate."

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## CHAP. V.

SCARCELY could expectation sit more anxiously in the eye of the citizens of ancient Rome, when they sought " to see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome," than it appeared in the countenances of the company, now drawn up in the front of the Dragon, to witness the promised driving *fête*. Lady Llewellyn, supported by the dowager countess of Aldercar and lady Wingem, stood in a conspicuous place, accompanied by two bouncing girls, her daughters, whom it was her pleasure to consider mere babies ; agreeable to which, the

the eldest held a wax doll in one arm, while the other was slung in that of an officer of dragoons, over whom her eyes were cast with an hoyden expression of disgusting impudence, intended to be mistaken for infantine frankness. The Misses Glynn, the Whites, the languishing Maria, the elegant Lakes, and a whole bevy of beauties from the Granby, in which five lovely sisters from Lincolnshire were conspicuous, stood in the court, attended by a crowd of gentlemen : a few saunterers from Low Harrowgate trespassed on the ground, among whom the descendant of the great historian, Hume, cut a figure conspicuous enough to rival the charioteer and his four bays, dressed in a huge straw hat, blue coat, made in the fashion of Queen Anne, and five pair of stockings rolled over the knees one above another ; he certainly proved his right to being called an oddity—a species of fame Englishmen have been unjustly charged with monopolizing, since this Scotchman has been

been allowed on all hands to enjoy the claim to it in an undue proportion.

"Since fall all other claims to great renown,  
 Who would not be the greatest fright in town?"

The coach is now on the ground—the hero mounts—he smacks his whip—he turns divinely—but, alas ! short is the triumph.

Somewhat confounded, but by no means abashed, the charioteer dismounted, calling out to her exulting ladyship—"What'll ye take for your coach, hey?"

"Seven hundred guineas; that's what it cost you on a similar occasion, I've been told; so I shan't be hard with you."

The money was instantly paid, and received with all the philosophic *sang froid* of gambling fashionists; and her ladyship, turning into the little counting-house, held it out to Mr. E. saying—"See here, I've diddled the young one neatly; now if ye'll just be ater letting me have another hundred and fifty, 'twill set me clear with

with old T. and the general, ye see—so it will.”

“I have not more than sixty pounds of your ladyship’s in my possession, and sir Arthur owes me three hundred, on his own private account ; your ladyship’s bill with the house is a very considerable one, and I cannot really think of——”

“Now hold your tongue, E. that’s a dare soul, with your preaching and prosing ; I declare you quite bother me : don’t you see that I’m after winning this morning, and in a few hours I shall may be take twice as much in betting on Glover’s match.”

“Or lose it, my lady.”

“Well, so much the worse ; but will you give me the money now, that’s a dare creature ?—you know I can do nothing without you ; so don’t go to be cross now.”

Whether it was the lily hand held out to receive, or the sweet smile of entreaty that accompanied it, we know not ; but the lady got the money, and flew with it to satisfy



satisfy the most importunate of her professional creditors ; and on the strength of the remainder, to risk more than twice the sum.

At the hour of two, all the Harrowgate world were on the Common, to witness various matches, and after them a diversion which revived an old English sport, *viz.* that of a pig let loose among the multitude, to be caught by the tail, and become the property of any who could hold it. The body of the animal was covered all over with a thick soap lather, and the utter impossibility of holding him afforded infinite labour to the hunters, and sport to the spectators ; but, alas ! before he had begun to excite mirth, poor lady Llewellyn had lost hers, and drove from the field a loser of more than double her morning gains ; her servant alone sympathizing in her distress, from having partaken it, being encouraged to bet by his lady, till, like her, his money and his credit were completely exhausted.

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In proportion as her ladyship's credit fell, so the errors of her conduct were arraigned and animadverted upon; and her open encouragement of major Stanton in his addresses to Miss Honduras, was now the subject of severe scrutiny among the company, though not one of them stepped out of their way to warn the girl they pretended to pity how she listened to the overtures of a man they affected to despise; and unconscious of the attention she drew, and the precipice she stood on, Miss Honduras quietly sympathized with the lady's sorrows, and smiled upon the major's success, little dreaming that the hoards of her good father were the sole cause of her receiving attention from either. While the gay world was assembled on the Common, lady Langdale had communicated to Miss Templeman her wishes that she would accompany her to the Grange, a proposal the sweet girl received with tears of heartfelt gratitude, though she expressed some fears of incurring the displeasure of lady Culling, notwithstanding

notwithstanding her indisposition rendered her unequal to the duties of her situation.

Lady Langdale kindly obviated every difficulty; and as that lady and her daughters were then partaking the diversions on the heath, agreed to wait till their return, requesting Miss Templeman, in the mean time, so to dispose of her clothes as to be able to move at a very short notice; while she, in the meantime, would amuse herself with the children's books, which were scattered round the room.

Lady Langdale was engaged in reading Mrs. Barbauld's prose hymns, with that devout admiration they cannot fail to inspire in every mind capable of relishing sublime poetry combined with pious simplicity, when the unwieldly form of lady Culling made its appearance: she apologized for her presence there, and in strong terms, but very gentle words, explained her desire of removing Miss Templeman to a place where her health could be better attended to than was possible in a large house

house, where the stillness necessary to an invalid was unattainable.

Lady Culling appeared surprised and angry ; but her habitual deference to superior rank allayed her vexation ; she said, that as to air and all that, her own house in the country was as good as any ; but for her own part, she didn't see as how air and them things were necessary for such young women as governesses.

"I do not quite comprehend you, my lady ; is there any particular system you would recommend in Miss Templeman's case ?"

Lady Culling, pleased to be consulted by so elegant a woman, drew up her head with great satisfaction, and proceeded to say—"Why to be sure, lady Langdale, I have been a housekeeper a great many years, and I ought to know something ; and for matter of that, I think I may say I makes as much observation as most folks ; and I be quite sure, that when such kind of people as servants and governesses, and

all that, happen to ail any thing, the best way to manage them is to take no notice at all, but to make them go on with their work ; being, you know, Providence has not made them like us people of quality, you know ; so I takes it, the back is made for the burden."

Astonished with the ignorance, and shocked with the inhumanity of this doctrine, Griselda made no reply, except by a slight inclination of the head ; and the narrator, mistaking her silence for profound attention, continued—" Now there's my housemaid ; she has bad headaches, that make her almost blind ; my housekeeper would have coddled her up, and sent her to bed ; but says I to her, says I, ' make the jade scour the stairs from top to bottom ;' and whenever she complains, that's the only physic I gives her ; and as for Miss Templeman—of a morning, when I sees her sighing and soaning like, and can't get a bit of breakfast, I sets her to teach the girls to dance, and makes her hear 'em two lessons  
for

for one, or somehow contrives to double her work; and I'll be bound to cure her, if she stays long enough. Why there's my lady Eden now, that's always reading in books and nonsense, she gives every body in her family physic enough to poison a regiment; and what does she get by it but long bills and wry faces? while I never gives nobody nothing, and all my family thrive: to be sure, if they go to have fevers, or any thing of that kind, I sends them out of the way as fast as I can."

To this humane personage expostulation must be useless, and reason incomprehensible; but after this explanation, lady Langdale felt that she could not leave the victim of her inhumanity under her power, even for an hour; she therefore made every pecuniary concession which could be desired on the part of Miss Templeman, but absolutely requested that she might accompany her home. Lady Culling complied the more readily with this request, because she conceived that the young per-

son who was leaving lady Eden might be had on easy terms; and she at length called the trembling girl, and took leave of her with a tolerably good grace, promising to send her things in the evening.

As Miss Templeman took the arm of her only friend, she manifested an agitation of joy which proved how much she had suffered. Lady Langdale, ever delicately attentive to the feelings of those around her, omitted no means of restoring her to composure; and on their arrival at the Dragon, took her to her own room, where she proposed to her to lie down on her bed for an hour before dinner: this brought to her recollection, that as the house was very full, it was but too probable that Mrs. Goodlad might not be immediately able to accommodate an unexpected guest. As soon, therefore, as she had drawn the curtain round her grateful charge, she descended to the bar, and made the necessary inquiries.

Mrs. Goodlad lamented that it was utterly

terly out of her power to provide a bed for the young lady in her house, but strongly recommended her to place Miss Templeman at the boarding-school, where she would have an airy room, and all those attentions which her delicate health demanded.

Lady Langdale approved the idea very much, and would have immediately proceeded to the Grove, to procure her a kind reception there; but encouraged by that affability which never failed to invite confidence and repose, Mrs. Goodlad began to inform her of the fears she had conceived of major Stanton, and her extreme uneasiness on Miss Honduras's account, who, having no friend to advise her, save the insidious lady Llewellyn, might, she feared, be led to form an engagement with one, who, though he ranked as a gentleman, was, in fact, little better than a sharper.

On hearing this repeated in a more positive manner, and supported by circumstances she had never heard before, lady



Langdale became exceedingly concerned, and blamed herself much for having suffered even a most amiable and interesting subject to have engrossed her so much as to have prevented her from attending to the fate of a young woman, who appeared cast, in a measure, upon the protection of all who were older than herself, but who lady Langdale felt to have more than usual claims on *her* good offices, since it was but too probable that the thoughtless and the half-reasoning part of her sex might urge *her* marriage as an excuse for their folly, and even the present good conduct of sir Edward be made the medium of their destruction. This recollection never failed to awaken extreme uneasiness in the breast of this virtuous woman; and while she submitted to this painful emotion, as a scourge she merited—as a portion of the inevitable evil she had embraced, she felt it her duty, as far as possible, to explain to others the peculiar circumstances in which she stood with regard to sir Edward, and likewise those

those traits of character in him which palliated, if they did not extenuate, the error of the connexion, and which she would often assert could not be found to apply, in every particular, to any other woman in the world.

Pursuant to the resolution she had adopted, she entreated Miss Honduras to give her a private interview soon after dinner, when she painted in such strong colours the misery of the connexion before her, that she induced the young lady to promise she would immediately return to her father, and leave the decision of her love affair entirely to his care, and in the meantime, consider herself under the sole protection of lady Langdale; for such was the ascendancy lady Llewellyn had got over her mind, that the poor creature shrunk from the reproaches of her eye, and dreaded one flash of that satirical wit, which she had so often seen could disconcert the timid, and put even the virtuous to the blush; she begged to be considered a pri-

soner in lady Langdale's parlour, where Miss Templeman already was, and they consented to spend the evening together, till the hour when the latter should repair to her lodgings.

The following morning, Griselda called at Robey's, to purchase some little presents for lady Eden's children; when, to her utter surprise, Mr. Robey, whose knowledge of every body and every thing in Harrowgate must be considered indisputable, informed her that lady Llewellyn and major Stanton had been up the whole night at play—that it was well known now that the major had promised to cancel a considerable play-debt due from her ladyship, in the event of his marriage with Miss Honduras; but as lady Langdale's goodness, by opening the eyes of the young lady, had most happily rendered that event very dubious, it was presumed her gambling ladyship had last night been playing a desperate game, in order to exonerate herself from former scores; so far, at least, was certain, that the  
major

major and her, after very high words, had, at length, locked themselves in, and remained till breakfast-time in the morning.

To all this lady Langdale coolly replied, she was but just come from the Dragon, and had heard nothing of the kind.

"Possible, very possible, my lady; but I am correct notwithstanding, as your ladyship will find: not that I should have mentioned the affair, for it is the duty of a man in my station to hear much and say little, but as mere chance has made me master of an important discovery, I introduced the subject, by way of informing your ladyship, that I know it is the intention of major Stanton to stop Miss Honduras in her way to town, force her into his own carriage, and persuade her that the breach of decorum thus perpetrated can only be healed by marriage—trusting that the old gentleman, her father, will forgive that which he cannot prevent."

Griselda shook her head in unbelief, saying, "I have heard of such things in books,

Mr. Robey, to be sure; but I believe the romance of real life does not furnish any instance of them."

"Oh, my lady! you surely forget; many men have done the thing for *love*, and surely, when a man has a much *stronger* motive—but, however, I do not presume to argue on the whys or wherefores—I only assert that such a scheme is this very day in agitation; and I conceive it my duty to inform you of it."

The gravity with which these words were pronounced alarmed Griselda, for she knew Robey was too sensible a man to be imposed on, and too respectable to impose on her; she therefore hastened to find sir Edward, to whom she imparted the information she had received, though with the air of a person who expected that her news would excite rather ridicule than belief.

On the contrary, sir Edward said he really was of opinion that there was something in it; for that he had heard the major profess an intention of going to London immediately

mediately—whereas, the morning before, he had professed an intention of remaining a fortnight—“but *apropos*,” added he, interrupting himself, “I have just been speaking to a person who is going to London to-morrow—had we not better place the lady under his care? it is the master of the house where you have placed Miss Templeman, and for her sake he will be civil to your new *protégée*.”

“’Tis a happy thought, my dear; we will realize it immediately.”

No time was lost in making the necessary arrangements; for though Miss Honduras was not remarkable for the rapidity of her motions, yet she was flattered, by the necessity of flying from the “dear deceiver,” into those uncommon exertions demanded by the occasion; and in a few hours lady Langdale had the sincere satisfaction of seeing her and her conductor, who was a person well qualified for the undertaking, pass by her window: as she kissed her hand, and bade adieu, the major

happened to come out of the billiard-room, and therefore witnessed the flight of his victim: he lost no time in the pursuit, for in less than an hour his carriage was on the road to Aberford, as sir Edward himself witnessed, on his return from a ride. This intelligence occasioned lady Langdale to felicitate herself exceedingly on the escape of Miss Honduras, though she ascribed all the merit of the affair to the other parties concerned in it, only wishing that Mrs. Varonne might be as effectually preserved from the major's pursuit.

"That I consider impossible," said the baronet; "for when a married woman is bent on destruction, it is, I believe, impossible to save her; and if she can accept for a lover a plain ill-like fellow, on the wrong side of forty, who shall call *him* the seducer? no, no! with all my deference for your sex, and no man has a better right to think well of it, I must maintain, that the lady is in such affairs, nine times out of ten, the more blamable party."

"I cannot

"I cannot think so," said Griselda, with a sigh.

"You do not *like* to think so, my dear, because you are woman enough to be partial to your own sex, which I admire too much in you to wish even my own arguments to change your opinion; but you afford, in your own person, a decisive proof that a most lovely and attractive woman may pass even through this wicked world, without being obliged to repel admiration which distresses, or professions which insult her; the only man who, ignorant of *your* character, presumed, on the faults of *mine*, to speak to you on a forbidden subject, has been living in the house with you for a month, without daring to tell you, even by a glance, of his passion, which, ere now, has, I apprehend, spent itself, as hopeless flames generally do, in a few faint sighs and hearty oaths."

"You surprise me exceedingly; I have never seen any one that I could suspect."

"I *believe* you, Griselda; but my suspicions



cions have not been as sleepy as yours, be assured. Lord Eldrington was your devotee in masquerade, though he now so seldom approaches you."

"I have never heard his voice but at the dinner-table; but now I recollect, it is like my incognito's."

While this chit-chat was going forward in one of the Dragon parlours, a scene singularly different was performing in the next; for there was the half-distracted lady Llewellyn wringing her hands in all the bitterness of grief, and her daughters both crying by her side, while the landlady, in all the eloquence of simple truth, was descanting on the impropriety of her conduct, and making comments on facts whose turpitude no rank could extenuate; and finally concluding by insisting on her immediately quitting a house where every respectable person was scandalized by her conduct.

"Where would ye have me go? I cannot pay you, Mrs. Goodlad: my dare woman—my good creature, if you will only

ly be quiet now, in a fortnight or so I shall settle every thing. I entreat you—I beseech you—now do leave me a little time to recover myself, and I will never touch a card again while I live.”

“Your ladyship has said so a thousand times.”

Tears, entreaties, expostulations, from both mother and daughters, followed; they were not heard by an unfeeling heart; but the firmness caused by necessity prevailed, and for once in her life she found flattery as ineffectual as haughtiness. The disgrace of being expelled the house was inevitable.

But where was the husband—the father, who should have saved her from the humiliation of this scene, or enabled her to support it?

He was picking his teeth in the corner of the room, apparently as unconcerned as the chair he sat upon.

Yet this couple married for love, when the heart is supposed most sensible of all the tenderness ascribed to that passion.—

Alas!

Alas ! young ladies, if you have no better groundwork for happiness than that arising from mutual fondness, unsupported by esteem, and unallied to virtue, depend upon it, " to this complexion you will come at last."

When Mrs. Goodlad had quitted the weeping gamestress, she endeavoured, but in vain, to rouse the dormant intellects of her *cara sposa* to contrive some system of present relief; but as sir Arthur had been more accustomed to receive assistance and advice from his helpmate than to give it, he declined taking any share in the troubles of the day, farther than to observe, " That of all the devilish scrapes she had got into, this appeared to him the very ugliest affair they had met with."

" But do you recollect that we're to be turned out of the house to-morrow morning; and that we owe five hundred pounds here, and that something must be done to-night, or you'll be arrested? think of that, sir Arthur!"

Though

Though sir Arthur was certainly as indolent a man as any in existence, yet he had no inclination to indulge his propensity in a prison ; the moment, therefore, he was called upon to " think on *that*," he arose, put on his hat, and said he would fetch lady Wingem, who would undoubtedly assist them in their distress, as she had often been helped by them out of similar difficulties.

It has been said there is no friendship amongst the *wicked*; we will therefore conclude that these two ladies, notwithstanding their dreadful propensity to play, did not come precisely under *this* description, since they certainly did, on many occasions, manifest a sincere sympathy for each other, in all matters which respected their mutual profession; thereby giving the lie to another vulgar proverb, which says—" that two of a trade can never agree."

Lady Wingem, like her much younger friend, lady Llewelin, had been married  
when

when little better than a child to a worthy old bachelor, who was smitten by the charms of her person and the sprightliness of her manners. It is presumed that the mansion-house and the estate of the good baronet were deemed equivalent to these accomplishments in the eyes of the lady, since it is certain that, although he possessed many virtues, he had few striking qualities. Perhaps to the disproportion of intellect, still more than of years, may be attributed that fatal passion for play, which, soon after marriage, marked the conduct, and sullied the name, of lady Wingem, who, notwithstanding she became the mother of a very large family of promising children, to the very utmost of her power injured their fortunes, and destroyed the peace of their venerable father.

Happily for this young family, the age of sir Alfred Wingem was protracted beyond the usual span, and he did not drop into his grave till he had reached his eighty-fourth year. He had the misfortune to follow

low two blooming daughters to the grave, victims, it has been said, to the dissipation into which they were plunged by their mother, whose heart, hardened by habit, forgot her maternal duties in the selfish gratification of dragging them into public parties, under pretext of giving *them* pleasure, to cover her own passion for the gaming-table. Such was the perversion of character in a woman whose talents might have added lustre to the highest rank, and given charms to the most polished society—a woman whose heart gave frequent indications of every amiable propensity, and whose manners rendered her delightful to every circle, until her feelings were blunted by one vile and exclusive pursuit, and her whole soul absorbed in its unhappy dictates. She was now confined, most happily for herself, both by the will of her late husband and the injunctions of her mother, from venturing any large sums at play; and though her rage for it still continued to keep her very poor, yet as she could  
only

only spend a certain sum in a given time, lady Llewellyn justly concluded it either was, or would be in her power to assist her in the present emergency.

But lady Wingem had not twenty guineas left. She had however what her friend had *not—credit*. Her bond was accepted; peace was made in the house. Lady Llewellyn was prevailed on to take a basin of turtle soup, and share a bottle of champagne with her deliverer, which gave her spirits to descend to the supper-room. The shy looks of some ladies, the open contempt of others, and the flight of all, was forgot; for a party, for the last time, was made up among the men, and out of the little stock left to open a new bank at Cheltenham, twenty guineas paid, for the last exhibition of the proscribed, insulted, and despised lady Llewellyn.

The loss of such a sum, at such a time, was more than she had patience or spirits to endure; and after a dispute with the winner, in which the most opprobrious terms

terms and degrading language was used by either party, she was carried to her own room in violent hysterics.

After a sleepless night, her eyes swollen with weeping, her frame shook with nervous tremors, herself and children exhibiting, in their dirty and disordered dress, all the wretchedness of shattered gentility and mental desolation, lady Llewellyn left Harrowgate, the once festive spot, where she had shone the delight of many an eye, the beloved of many a heart; where her youth, her beauty, the *naïveté* of her manners, and the apparent tenderness of her heart, had been alternately displayed and blighted; where she had fallen from error to error, till the blossom of folly had produced the fruit of destruction.

It was not in the nature of Griselda to contemplate sorrow, however produced, without feeling pity for the sufferer; and while other ladies were rejoicing in the expulsion of lady Llewellyn from a society she had disgraced, and priding themselves  
in



in the part each had borne in it, she remembered only the better parts of her character, and recalled to their minds every circumstance that could tend to lessen her guilt, or ameliorate the decisions of justice; never allowing conjecture to cast one shade over her character, or dubious crime be added to actual failing—so meekly could she judge of others, who, with scrupulous exactness, weighed every movement of her own heart and conduct, and lamented that much was wanting. In controlling, by a mild and yet striking contrast, this spirit of censoriousness, her benevolence was amply repaid, by finding that the severe restrained their sarcasms in her presence, and the thoughtless forgot to retail them; so that in a short time, even the notorious lady Llewellyn was forgotten; and Mr. Glover's matches, losses, and projected wedding, engrossed the general attention.

The family of the Whites, accompanied by Mr. Hartop, now left Harrowgate; but the received lover of Miss Egerton waited her

her removal to the Grange, which was expected shortly to take place ; the baronet being desirous of seeing his harvest housed, and only waiting the receipt of letters from Allen. The day before their arrival, one of a more important nature took place in that of captain Seymour, who accompanied an uncle of his, an invalid, and was seeking for private lodgings at the time sir Edward happened to call at Bachelor's, and thus met with his nephew.

Though these gentlemen had little acquaintance with each other, yet their interest in their mutual friend, major Barnet, engaged them in earnest conversation ; and as it appeared that the captain had received letters of a later date than lady Langdale's, he readily accepted an invitation to call immediately on her ladyship, to make report of her friend Maria's welfare.

Lady Langdale received captain Seymour with sincere pleasure, and had the satisfaction of learning that Mrs. Barnet had lately become the mother of a girl ; but this agreeable

able news was somewhat damped by being informed that the major's mother had been for some time much indisposed, and that, at her time of life, recovery was hardly to be expected. She had, however, the consolation of reflecting, that at the Grange she could pay every attention to the son of her friend which would be really beneficial to him, in case of the death of his worthy grandmother ; and on this subject she was rendered still more easy, from the baronet kindly declaring, that whenever the old lady died, he would with great pleasure fetch the major's boy to his house himself.

The eyes of Griselda glistened with pleasure and gratitude, at this proof of tender and delicate attention to her wishes ; and their expression was heightened by the warm approbation with which captain Seymour expressed *his* sense of sir Edward's kindness and consideration.

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## CHAP. VI.

THE following morning, as they were taking breakfast in their own parlour, they were somewhat startled by captain Seymour rushing in, with a pale countenance and disordered air, exclaiming, in great agitation—

“ I have seen—I have seen—or, at least, I *think* I have seen—”

“ Had it been night instead of morning, I should conclude you had seen a ghost,” said the baronet, laughing.

“ I *have* seen a ghost—a shadow—a something, that should be the semblance of an angel—lost, lost, I fear, for ever !”

“ Not so,” said lady Langdale, “ if, as I guess, you have happened to meet Miss  
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Templeman in the garden. She is under my care *now*; and as I consider myself an admirable nurse, and have found for her in doctor Murray an invaluable physician, I have little doubt of her speedy recovery."

"Recovery!—Oh lady Langdale! how could you converse with me an hour yesterday, and not mention a word of this? and why do you not tell me this moment, if that word recovery applies to her health only? Is she—is she indeed *recoverable*?"

"Undoubtedly. You see I reverse the order of your question, but it is not difficult to justify myself as to the former part of it.—Pray, how was I to know that you had any interest in Miss Templeman? You never told me so."

"Pardon me, madam, I was wrong, very wrong; but the surprise really took away my senses. After a fruitless search of near eighteen months, to behold her, but for a single moment, in the garden of this house, alone, and looking ill, yet dressed genteelly, was altogether so incomprehensible,

ble,

ble, that I knew not how to unriddle the mystery."

"This mighty mystery, which, like all other mysteries, only needs a simple key to unlock it, is solved thus—like you, I found our little, long-lost friend, in this place, living, or I ought rather to say, dying, with a—"

"Who?—Who did she live with?"

"A lady Culling; you have no patience at all."

"I ask ten thousand pardons.—Well, the poor girl, you say, was living with a lady?"

"No; I say she was dying with a lady, in the capacity of governess to her children, with which said lady she had been leading the life of a martyr, ever since the time when, alarmed by your suggestions, and those of sir Edward, seconded by Maria's and mine, she had so precipitately left the countess of Castlehowel; and I have reason to believe, that if I had not been pro-

videntially sent to rescue her, she would have died the death of a martyr too."

"May Heaven bless you for it!" said the captain, in great agitation, brushing away the tears that graced his glowing cheek.

"I am now," continued Griselda, "going to take her to the Grange, where, I have no doubt, I shall soon have the satisfaction of seeing her perfectly restored."

The captain looked very grave.

Griselda was hurt with the expression of his countenance; but she continued her conversation, anxious to avert sir Edward's eye from partaking her vexation—

"As sir Edward there, though unknown either to you or I, was the seer who first warned her of approaching danger, she naturally——"

"I ask your pardon, my lady; I am the very soul of interruption; but could I understand you right—was it you, sir Edward, that——"

"It *was* me, sir," said the baronet, coldly,

coldly, "who, with paternal anxiety, though not perhaps with a zeal as *warm* as yours, shewed the poor girl the precipice on which she stood. I wish she may meet with more men in the world equally disinterested with myself, whatever may be the opinion of those who style themselves the *virtuous* part of it."

"I have wronged you, sir Edward; and I beg your pardon," said the captain, much affected.

The baronet presented his hand with a frankness that shewed how thoroughly he forgave the injury; while the blush that tinged his cheek proved how much it was in the power of conscience to check the exultation of his proudest moments.

Lady Langdale withdrew, and went down to the grove to see her young friend, fearful that this unexpected rencounter might have produced a tremor on her nerves, not favourable to the present state of her health; but she found her unconscious of



the alarm she had excited, as she had not perceived the captain, nor knew of his arrival—a circumstance Griselda was much pleased with, as it enabled her, in some measure, to prepare her for a meeting, should captain Seymour, when in a more reasonable frame of mind, think proper to desire one.

Numbers of the visitors were now dropping off every day ; and the dashing Mr. Glover and his bride-elect now determined to depart for the metropolis, where it was intended to celebrate their nuptials. Griselda could not bid adieu to this fair victim of ambition without giving a sigh to her fate ; but the recollection of the worthy man she had forsaken, prevented her pity being more than momentary ; if it had been so, however, the channel would have been diverted by captain Seymour, who now besought her to allow him an interview with Miss Templeman, declaring towards her an open and honourable love,

at

at the same time lamenting, that in all probability that declaration would cost him all his expectations from his uncle.

"Your uncle is much an invalid," said lady Langdale, "and perhaps it would be prudent to wait a little while."

"No, lady Langdale! never shall she be again exposed to an evil from which it is in my power to save her. I am independent of my uncle, you know; and though I should certainly not like to see his estate given to a stranger, yet I would rather run every risk of that kind than see this lovely girl exposed to the dangers arising from a residence with her first protectress, or the sufferings she has experienced from her second."

"But as I flatter myself you no longer apprehend similar grievances with her *third*, it may be, as I said before, as well to wait awhile; her health is very indifferent; her spirits still deeply affected with the loss she has sustained, by the death of a father,

most tenderly beloved, and the absence of an afflicted mother, exposed to many dangers; and these troubles will, I fear, be felt still more acutely, when the pressure of personal suffering is removed, and the leisure for remembered misfortunes is allowed her."

"All this I apprehend, my lady; and therefore I wish, as far as possible, to provide—"

"For your *own* happiness, hey, captain?"

"For *hers*, my lady; surely, under my protection——"

"She must be most happy of course.— Ah! you men are all ~~admirable~~ casuists. Well, well, take your *own* way; I can have no objection to permit you to plead your own cause; but Emily Templeman is not the girl I take her to be, if she consents to be yours before the return of her mother—a resolution that will be equally desirable for you both, as I think you ought to know more of her connexions than you do;

do ; such a degree of concession as that, I think your friends have a right to expect from you."

A sigh of acknowledgment was the only way in which the captain expressed his sense of the propriety of this statement ; but this sigh was succeeded by a smile, on receiving an invitation to take tea with lady Langdale that afternoon, as her young friend was coming up to arrange matters for their departure.

Lady Langdale was not mistaken when she concluded that the delicacy, as well as grief, which affected the mind of her *protégée*, would induce her to decline, in some measure, the addresses of captain Seymour, until the arrival of her mother ; but she was too sensibly affected with the generous conduct of this amiable man, not to display, in the most evident manner, the impression he had made upon her heart ; and thus happily removed every doubt which might have arisen in his mind, respecting the motives which induced a friendless

and portionless girl to accept him. In fact, the simplicity and ingenuousness of this amiable girl were united with a noble independence of character, and decision of conduct, which proved that she had been educated in the strictest principles, and could endure every evil but a dereliction from rectitude; and that in her the most painful servitude would have been felt infinitely less degrading, than a splendid union with a man she could not have esteemed.

As sir Edward and lady Langdale had left their visitants after tea, they agreed to go to Wilson's, to purchase a little new music. As they were crossing the road, they perceived their hostess running with great violence, and marks of evident distress in her countenance.

"What is the matter?" said sir Edward.

"Oh sir, such an accident! the Leeds coach is overturned, and a poor woman is almost killed. Mr. Richardson says her leg is broken, and her poor shoulder has got a fright-

a frightful wound ; I am running home to send her old linen."

To hear a tale of sorrow was to participate it, in the heart of Griselda; she therefore did not stop the landlady in her charitable errand, but proposed, as they were passing the house where the coach stopped, they should call, and make every necessary inquiry, and give every necessary order respecting the unfortunate stranger ; to which sir Edward, whose humanity was scarcely inferior to her own, willingly consented.

On arriving at Blakey's, sir Edward stepped into the little parlour where the coach passengers were assembled, and inquired if there was any person who belonged to the woman above stairs, whom he understood to be materially injured ?

His inquiries produced only a circumstantial detail of the accident, none of the party knowing more of the outside passenger than that she was under the surgeon's hands, who seemed to be very humane, and

would, they hoped, do the best he could for her; each one for his own part was too anxious to get forward, so sorry for the trifling injury he had sustained, or so glad that he had escaped a worse, that not one was found who could give any account of *her*, who appeared to be the only real sufferer.

Sir Edward turned in disgust to the door, where his lady still stood; the coachman was coming out of the adjoining one; sir Edward repeated the question:

"Why, as to belonging to any body, sur, it seems to me as if th' poor cratur belong'd to nobody; I see'd her i' Rippon a few days back; and as she were coming out o' town this afternoon, and seem'd not able to walk, I just ge'd her a cast like, an a bad job it has been for her, poor soul, an almost like *I* shall get into trouble by't, more pity say I."

"But have you no idea where she comes from? did she say any thing about herself?"

"Why, yes, for matter o' that, she said  
a good

a good deal, an I no sum on't to be true. It seems she went to Port Patrick some weeks back, to go to Ireland wi' her husband, an he turned out a sad tassel, an stript her of every thing, and then 'barked o' shipboard athout her, an so there she was left wi her little child, and neither munney nor nout else; and so yo see her friends lives ith west country; and so sometimes workin a bit, and sometimes beggin, she got on i' time to Rippon; but her child had been sick all along, poor bairn, moast like it were clammed, your honour; so about a week sin it died, an our mistress and some more folk took pity on her, and helped her a bit; so when I see'd her walking, thinks I, it'll be nout amiss just to gi her a lift, seeing she's quite a civil-spoken body, an a stranger in these parts."

The coachman's tale was interrupted by Mr. Richardson's appearance, who corroborated the account already received, respecting the injury the patient had sustained; but said he flattered himself, if she escaped

any



any extraordinary accession of fever, her life might be saved. Assured, from his well-known skill and humanity, that she was in the best of hands, and concluding that the approach of another stranger so soon after undergoing a painful operation might disturb her, lady Langdale was going to give money, and a kind message to the maid of the house; but as the girl requested her to stop a moment, and hear what the poor creature said, as, may be, she might want somebody writing to as belonged to her, the compassionate pair followed the girl to the chamber door, and heard her deliver their message to the invalid, in which she interlaced many comments on their goodness; concluding with—"but, indeed, I do think there is not such another woman in England as my lady Langdale."

A loud shriek of mingled pain and horror issued from the lips of the sick woman; it pierced the ears, the hearts, of the listeners; sir Edward grasped the hand of Griselda with a convulsive motion, and she  
threw

threw herself involuntarily into his arms, for neither could doubt that the voice they had heard was that of the wicked, the punished Middleton.

Before they could recover themselves, the girl rushed out of the room, declaring that poor Mrs. O'Hara, as she called herself, looked so wild, she was afraid to stay with her ; and that when she screamed for joy like at her ladyship's goodness, it was all the same as if she'd bin scared out of her wits.

The presence of the maid obliged both parties to exert themselves ; Griselda was the most easily composed : conscious that her presence, or even her voice, might produce the most painful effects on the patient, she walked softly down stairs, and inquired for a proper nurse. One well recommended was soon brought to her, and received her orders, which were alike dictated by prudence, skill, and compassion : this painful, but necessary task fulfilled, she returned to the baronet, who, pale and deeply affected, waited for her, with a  
6 kind

kind of humiliating sorrow in his countenance that wounded her severely ; for what kind of pang could pierce *his* heart unfelt by *hers* ? She took his arm in silence, but in doing it, pressed his hand with a tenderness that evinced her sympathy, and the desire she felt to console or sooth him ; but the shock his spirits had received would not easily yield ; a train of thought was produced, in which discordant feelings, yet all equally vexatious and distressing, were aroused ; and their harpy talons required all the patience, as well as kindness, of his guardian angel, to unloose their hold.

Unwilling to discover how far the misfortune of the stranger could affect him, sir Edward forced himself, however unfit, to enter the public room ; luckily for him, there was a ball that night, and the general bustle prevented the striking change in his face from being observed ; but his sufferings were intolerable ; every person spoke of the accident ; several inquired of  
sir

sir Edward, if he had seen the poor woman? To his "no," pettishly delivered, a thousand comments succeeded—had he known the woman before?—did his lady know her?—was she young?—was she pretty? Sir Edward reddened with anger.

"Ah," said a gentleman, "'tis a plain case that you 'do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame:' come, come, young man, do not be ashamed of the matter; we know all *about* the woman with the broken leg, be assured."

Sir Edward's eyes flashed fire, and he was on the point of replying in a manner dictated by his passion, which misconstrued a well-meant compliment into an indirect accusation, when Griselda, by seizing his arm, and entreating him to dance with a young lady who held her other hand, gave him time to reflect on the folly he was about to be guilty of; for the placid countenance of the late speaker showed how little he intended an affront; and sir Edward was obliged internally to  
confess,

confess, " 'tis conscience that makes cowards of us all ;" and that in such cases, the spirit of the bully rises from that of the coward. Sir Edward was decidedly the most elegant dancer in the room ; he was fond of the exercise ; and finding its use at this time in dissipating the cloud which hung on his mind, he continued to dance the whole evening, with an apparent goût which rendered him the life of the room, who admired and applauded him on every side, little dreaming of the worm within, that at every moment renewed its attacks, and made him either lament his guilt, or curse his folly : perhaps such is the pride of man, that the sensation of having been the dupe of an *artful* woman, was more mortifying to him than the consciousness of having shared the crime of a *wicked* one ; the variety of sufferings he had experienced, in consequence of his connexion with Middleton, had in some measure, as he apprehended, expiated the guilt of it ; but the recollection of her *imposing* on him,

him,

him stung him to madness ; and though he was too noble, and too humane, to be capable for a moment of revenge, yet even her present situation presented her to his contemplation as an object of horror rather than pity. A wounded serpent appeared to cross his path, from which he recoiled with aversion from its past powers, rather than compassion for its present sufferings. Far different were the feelings of his benignant wife ; after the first shock was subsided, she forgot all, save the calamity of the wretched woman, now cast upon her mercy ; and subduing every thought of the past, which busy memory obtruded on her better ideas, she sought only how most effectually to relieve the present sufferings of this unhappy being, and how to render them subservient to her future good ; her heart ached for the pains she saw her husband was experiencing ; and though she sincerely wished, and inwardly prayed, that he could experience only the  
same

same chastened sorrow and perfect forgiveness which actuated her own spirit in this trying juncture, yet she by no means condemned his more defective virtue. Thankful to Heaven and to him for the degree of good he had attained, she made allowances for the natural impetuosity and irritability of his sex, the peculiar vexations he had experienced, and the train of misfortunes which had been the consequence of his error, and which had, in some respects, devolved upon his own head exclusively, since they had made him dependent on her fortune for support—a circumstance that must, at times, be galling to him, notwithstanding all *her* efforts to extract its bitterness.

Thus reasoning with herself, it will readily be conceived that she left no means untried to sooth and reassure the mind of her husband, on whose wan cheek her warm tears fell, not only as the purifying streams which washed away the stain it lamented,

mented, but as a cordial that invigorated the root of virtue, by the balm of unutterable affection.

Happy is the man whose throbbing temple finds repose on the bosom of a wife like this!—still more happy he, whose aching heart and troubled memory sinks to rest under the faint murmurs of her faithful prayers for his eternal blessedness! He who has experienced this hallowed repose would not exchange it for the delirium of any passion prompted by avarice, ambition, or desire ; for though it is the perpetual error of sensibility to sail in quest of pleasure, yet its only haven must be simply *peace*.”

As sir Edward's letters from Allen had arrived, as captain Seymour had declared himself, and settled a kind of circumscribed correspondence with Miss Templeman, and all their party had left Harrowgate, there appeared no impediment to their setting out for the Grange the following day, to  
which



which they were much urged by Miss Egerton, who now sighed for the rural shades once more, to which the honourable captain Maclan had already consigned himself, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements previous to his marriage: but Griselda could not think of leaving the place till Mrs. O'Hara was pronounced out of danger, and capable of arranging some plan respecting her removal to Worcestershire: it was found that the fever which threatened her, from her surprise, had been removed by opiates; and that although it would necessarily be a considerable time before she could be removed, there was reason to expect a safe termination of her misfortune; but Griselda could not find, from any conversation she had held with her attendants, that the impression made upon her mind by past sufferings had tended to show her in what light her own conduct placed her in the sight of her all-seeing Judge, her conversation

versation being rather abuse of her husband's misconduct, than lamentation for her own.

In three days after, she was declared out of all danger; and they, therefore, after making every arrangement necessary for her protracted stay, and subsequent expences, determined to depart, to the great chagrin of captain Seymour, who, in these eventful days, had rapidly advanced to that state which makes "every heart-string bleed at thoughts of parting."

Just as they were setting out, a gentleman, whose equipage was at the door for the same purpose, stepped up to sir Edward, and told him that the horse which he had been accustomed to admire so much, was at his service for a hundred guineas; adding—"You know I refused Glover's hundred and fifty for him; but the fact is, that I find, by my letters of to-day, that I shall be obliged to go abroad soon, and it will be therefore advisable to part with  
my

my horses, for which I am more wishful to get good masters than great prices ; especially for this, which has been a great pet with me."

Sir Edward politely thanked the gentleman for the compliment conveyed by the offer, and praised the horse much, but declined becoming the purchaser.

Griselda thought it somewhat strange that the baronet refused this offer, and thought he carried his self-denial too far : she felt a momentary fear, lest his profusion should be exchanged for improper care—a transition by no means uncommon in the world ; especially as a few days before he had told her, with an air of great exultation, that he was lately become so excellent a manager, that he found, when all his expences were paid at Harrowgate, he should have, at least, a hundred and twenty guineas to spare. A moment's reflection convinced her she was mistaken in this conclusion, and she therefore ventured

to

to advise him to retract his words, saying she had never seen a horse she admired so much.

Sir Edward persisted in his conclusion. "Then, my dear, pray purchase the horse for me; my Betsy grows old, and I intend to ride a great deal next summer."

Sir Edward shook his head incredulously.

"But, my dear, the horse is such a bargain!"

"True, but my money is spent on another hobby-horse; so pray urge me no farther."

A word to the wise is sufficient; though sir Edward answered his lady in the most perfect good humour, yet there was an air which said, "Question me no further," in his pronunciation of the last sentence; and although Griselda certainly, in common with the rest of her sex, possessed a considerable portion of curiosity, and was, moreover, exceedingly interested in knowing that sir Edward had persisted in his resolution of totally renouncing all games of

hazard, yet she not only abstained from even indirect inquiry, but wore a countenance of such open confidence, that her husband felt that he had regained that inestimable jewel, her esteem; and the sense of its value, as well as the consciousness of meriting it, filled his heart with joy. He shook hands with captain Seymour, with an alacrity of countenance equally remote from cold politeness and affected gaiety, saying—"Come and see me, Seymour, at home; that is the place to see married men."

The glow on Seymour's cheek precluded him from adding the assurance he was going to give him respecting Miss Templeman, as he saw that any allusion to past suspicions would give him pain.

As the captain handed the ladies into their carriages, he complained of the cold wind from the Common; and it is to be supposed he found it affect his eyes, for they were very watery. The baronet kindly put his head out of the opposite window,  
and

and nodded adieus to those around him; but as the carriage drove past the house where Mrs. O'Hara still lay suffering, he hastily drew in his head, and a deadly paleness suffused his glowing cheek, till Griselda roused him, by calling him to observe a group of lovely children standing near the Granby, who, as the carriage passed, all stood kissing their hands, and bidding a modest good-bye.

Miss Templeman returned the salute, saying—"Those fine children are all Mr. Greaves's; I believe there are ten of them; they knew I was to set off, and the affectionate little things, it seems, were all watching for me."

"What a rich man mine host of the Granby must think himself!" said the baronet; but the transient smile was too nearly allied to the memory of Middleton, and that of his own lost little one, not to be chased by a sigh; and for some miles he continued silent and pensive.

As they drew nearer home, sir Edward's

countenance brightened ; the fine country they were passing through ; the interest he took in agricultural concerns ; and above all, the pleasure of approaching that home where he had spent so many happy hours, and found that peace the world, in its gayest circles and brightest hours, had never afforded him, was sweet to his heart ; he pressed the hand of her who had made it the asylum of bliss, and silently ejaculated a prayer for blessings on her head.

Even poor Emily, whose heart had received a pang at parting beyond whatever fortune had inflicted, began to take an interest in the scenery around ; taught by her father, from earliest infancy, to view the face of nature with a painter's eye, she could not see without delight the Wharfe winding his mazy stream through vale and dell, and forming pictures to charm a Pousin, or a Claude. Her inquiries and observations drew the baronet into conversation, which became less lively but more interesting as they approached the house.

house. Their harvest was now getting forward, and the labourers were seen retiring from their work, who, as they saw his honour and my lady, sent forth, from time to time, shouts of self-gratulation. The servants of the house, who, in their absence, had either partook the labours of the field, or watched their progress, not expecting them for some hours, were sauntering about the grounds; but on the first glimpse of Miss Egerton's curricule, ran on every side to welcome the return of those who followed. On seeing a stranger, they drew back respectfully, and each, by signs and nods to the other, called for that distance they observed not themselves: Gilbert, a privileged person, received her lady with joy that showed itself in the silent tear, which she shook off as she welcomed sir Edward, who stopped, ere he entered the house, to return the congratulations of his servants, and to point out to Miss Templeman the prospect before them, now glowing with the radiance of a de-



scending sun, that shone on the splendour of an autumnal landscape, rich in every variety of grand or sylvan scenery. Whilst sir Edward pointed out to his lovely guest their peculiar features, lady Langdale had stepped forward to the breakfast-parlour, which was her favourite sitting-room, where the first thing which met her eye were two beautiful landscapes, the one taken from Hackfall, the other from Bolton, of places remarked by her for their singular beauty and picturesque effect.— Here then was the hobby-horse, on which sir Edward had so cautiously touched; and by this agreeable surprise her curiosity was sweetly satisfied, and her forbearance abundantly repaid. Though pictures were indeed her passion, if so strong a term could be applied to a mind so attuned as hers, yet the affection displayed by the gift charmed her infinitely more than the possession, and she instantly ran back to sir Edward, and with pleasure glowing on her face, and the language of grateful love on

on her tongue, thanked him for his elegant present, at the same time playfully rallying him on the secrecy with which he had conducted the affair; and learnt that one picture had been purchased at Bolton, a circumstance that increased its value to her, as she knew, in the course of that day, sir Edward had been more offended with what he conceived her ill-timed timidity, than with any other circumstance that had occurred during their absence.

"Come along, Emily," said she, "I cannot allow you to admire even this beautiful evening, and this dear view before us—come, and look at my pictures, and allow me to prattle of my husband; I will shew you life's loveliest prospect—a happy heart illumined by the sunbeam of affection."

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## CHAP. VII.

SIR Edward, on returning to his "pleasant home," entered, with all the avidity natural to his character, into his agricultural pursuits, and still more into the improvement of his colliery, which promised an abundant repayment for his cares, and the money expended upon it : the day was too short for the business which occupied it ; and he was often heard, half-jestingly, to complain of the time he had *wasted* in Harrowgate ; how the *rest* of his life had been got over, he would add, was inconceivable. In the midst of this bustle, he was called upon to pay some attention to the intended marriage of Miss Egerton ; but farther than inspecting her settlement, displaying

displaying his own accounts, and giving away the lady at the altar, he positively declined, though much pressed, to accompany the wedding-party to the country-seat of captain Maclan's father, in Bedfordshire: he well knew that his lady had no desire to leave home again so soon, especially now she had got a female companion so much to her taste as Miss Templeman; and he was too much engaged, and too happy in his engagements, to wish for any change; to which it might perhaps be added, that he was not over fond of making one in a gay bridal-party, shorn of his rays: but this consideration was certainly a very trivial one, among those which influenced him in this decision.

Miss Egerton, like her great prototype, Miss Lydia Languish, had felt much vexation from the stupid happiness of her courtship, and the uninteresting regularity of a marriage at the end of it. In order to put a dash of distress into it, she had flirted a little at Harrowgate, as we have seen; but

lady Langdale's interference had most provokingly set matters to rights again very soon; and a lecture on her powers for exciting jealousy, brought certain unpleasant recollections to her mind, which she wished to banish for ever: as, however, it was impossible to live in the country without doing something, and there were now few objects to act upon, the young lady thought proper to have a fit of jealousy of Miss Templeman, whom, it must be confessed, improved every day since her arrival at the Grange, and was therefore every day more provoking and disagreeable.

As soon as the young lady's sighs and sullenness, her frequent absences, elegant ejaculations, and various other signs of distress, which are generally given with great effect when they come from the head instead of the heart, had pointed out the species of trouble they were meant to indicate, lady Langdale set herself to observe, with the most studious attention, if  
there

there really existed any cause for it; and being fully convinced there did *not*, she took an opportunity of seeking for the confidence she had hitherto avoided, and listened with amazing patience to the melancholy detail of "poor Maria."

"And you really do think this recreant captain loves Miss Templeman?"

"I am certain of it, my lady; and I am determined to resent, as I ought, the perfidy, the unparalleled baseness and cruelty of his conduct, this very night."

"Aye, I don't wonder at your being angry, to be sure, especially now the thing is gone so far: but she is a most captivating girl, and will make him a most admirable wife."

"Wife! *wife!* surely, my lady, you don't think——"

"Indeed I *do* think that if you quarrel with captain Maclan on Emily's account, he will very naturally look at Emily, and consider whether she is worth quarrelling for; the result will be, that when you

have discarded him, he will console himself with her—the conclusion is perfectly natural.”

“But discarding him is not what I mean.”

“I *believe not*; but it is a very possible consequence from a projected quarrel, you will grant, that the party who has committed no error should be angry at his accuser; and she, to support an unfounded charge, should use strong terms; one harsh word begets another, and that which begun in romance often ends in reality; for my own part, I wish it well over; *being over*, I shall not much regret, for it may provide for Emily; and you will get another husband, I doubt not, soon.”

“Perhaps, after all,” said Miss Egerton, “I may have been mistaken.”

“I apprehend *not*; lovers are quick-sighted; you doubtless have perceived the captain’s dawning passion for Emily, as well as his neglect of yourself.”

“Why, really I don’t know; my feelings are so exquisitely acute that—that—”

“That

"That you were anxious to exercise them, hey?—Well, my dear, take the advice of a friend, who cannot help enjoying a laugh at your expence: let this be your *last* effort at a quarrel, your *first* towards attaining that placidity of happiness, which is henceforward to constitute the main part of your existence; be assured, that in the state you are entering, a sufficient number of vexatious incidents will occur, to prevent your sinking into a state of torpid ease and listless happiness: marriage is by no means the soporific draught many imagine; for that which enlarges the sphere of active duty must awaken feeling also; and doubt not but you will find opportunities for displaying all your 'energies,' as Bridgetina says, in abundance."

This conversation happily restored peace, before war was declared; and the young lady wisely abandoned her intention of exhibition, till she was more secure of her audience, spending her "superfluous animation"



mation" in choosing dresses, and contriving entertainments. The slow-paced hours were at length disposed of, and the bride was given by sir Edward, with all due decorum, to the enraptured bridegroom, arrayed in virgin lace over white satin, and attended by Louisa White, and a sister of the captain's, in the same costume: nor luckily did it once enter into the lady's head that sir Edward would have been a better bridegroom than father, though this was precisely the time of year when she had predicted that his lady should have fallen with the leaf, and his sighs, at her yielding feet, should have re-echoed the blasts of November.

After an elegant breakfast, to which many of the neighbouring gentry were invited, and in which lady Langdale had combined the hospitality of past days with the better taste of the present, the bridal party whirled off in beautiful new carriages, purchased for the joyous occasion, leaving behind them many as happy as themselves,

themselves, who did not separate till a late hour.

The quietness that succeeded this bustle at the Grange was not of that kind which arises from apathy ; no, it was the sense of restored peace, which is felt and estimated : it was, however, unfortunately of short duration ; for a few days after, a letter arrived from lady Barnet's steward, importing that his lady, being quite given over by her physicians, was extremely desirous of knowing that her little grandson was actually under the care of lady Langdale before she died ; and therefore requested her, if possible, to send a confidential servant for him, as, in the present state of her health, she was unwilling to spare one of that description from her own service.

On hearing this letter, sir Edward immediately repeated his resolution of fetching the child himself : it was now the latter end of autumn, but the weather was tolerably open, and, save the pain of parting with him, Griselda could have no objection ;

tion ; and she thanked him most cordially for so decisive a proof of his attention to the child of her friend. As speed was the great object in this journey, sir Edward, taking Tom with him, rode over to the nearest market-town, and thence took the mail to Oxford, from whence he took post-horses to the lady's seat in Berkshire.

During his journey, the weather changed much for the worse, and November fogs and rains rendered it extremely unpleasant ; Griselda watched the atmosphere incessantly, grieved with every cloud that proved how disagreeable the journey must be to her beloved lord. One evening, as she turned from the window, she perceived Miss Templeman's eyes full of tears, fixed upon her, with an expression which struck her as that of compassion : sorry that her absence of mind, and apparent anxiety, had awakened so strong an emotion in her young friend, she said—' Pray, my dear, excuse me ; I am a sad fool, but not uneasy enough to deserve your pity ; for I have,  
thank

thank God, no real cause for trouble at this time."

"I hope not, madam; but your apparent solicitude recalls so strongly *that* I have so often witnessed in my parents towards each other, that I could not help being affected by it; and when I consider the present forlorn state of my mother, who was watched in every step she took by the fondest and tenderest of husbands, I dread to think of her present wanderings, unblest by his society, unsheltered by his fostering love."

"We will hope, my dear, that your brother supplies his place."

"Poor Charles will do his best; but pardon me, if I venture to assert, that my father was one of those rare characters whose loss can never be supplied."

"I can readily believe that, my love, from the education he has given his daughter.—Pray, did he reside constantly in London? I sometimes think it is rather singular that I never knew him."

"Oh

"Oh no, my lady! we never lived in London, except now and then for a week or two. 'Tis probable that if we had, my father would have been much happier in his professional exertions than he was; at least, I have been frequently told so. He lived in Edinburgh, in Newcastle, Lancaster, Liverpool, Portsmouth, any where but in London. My mother would never go *there*; and even when we passed through it, she never went out of the inn where we stopped, for a moment; she appeared to have a terror, a kind of aversion to it."

"Yet she suffered *you* to go there, and into a scene the most trying. Was she not unhappy at parting with you to the countess of Castlehowel?"

"Such was the timidity of her nature, and the excess of her affection for her children, that she would have been unhappy at parting with me even for a day; but I did not discern in her grief any particular fear of the dangers to which my new situation exposed me. Situated as she then  
was

was with my poor father, who was ordered to the *Madeiras*, she owned, even in the parting moment, that she considered it a blessing that lord Castlehowel had offered me his lady's protection; and it is my great consolation that she has been informed of only a small part of my vexations in that scene of splendid misery and fascinating guilt, nor of my difficulties with the unfeeling and illiberal lady Culling; that I had power to escape the one and endure the other, must be imputed to the unwearied pains taken by my invaluable father to strengthen my mind, and enable it to provide against contingencies. He would often say—'My Emmy must be the image of her mother, in every thing but her dependance.'—Oh madam! he was such a *man*, and such a *father*—and I shall see him no more!"

The poor girl wept in all the agony of fond and grateful remembrance; and as it was thus that every conversation naturally ended, which related to a subject so affecting,

ing, Griselda avoided, with the utmost care, every thing which tended to produce them ; abandoning, for this reason, her favourite pursuit of drawing, and never even speaking to her young visitant respecting *her* proficiency in that delightful art, nor even inquiring after the contents of her portfolio, but often desiring her to exert her talents at the piano-forte, to read to her, examine her plants, or employ her needle ; thus gently weaning her from the contemplation of past misfortunes, and preparing her for the reception of that happiness which she still hoped would be the lot of her future life.

Sir Edward found lady Barnet in a very weak state ; but she was so much pleased with the kindness evinced by his taking so long a journey, at such an unpleasant season, that it seemed to afford her a temporary revival ; and she insisted upon his staying two days at the house to refresh himself. As Griselda had made the same requisition, he complied ; but as he was  
happily

happily in a state of health which defied fatigue, he would have found the time hang heavily on his hands, if he had not undertaken to gain the affections of his young charge. He found him a fine boy of four years old, exceedingly spoiled by his indulgent grandmother, but of a mind and temper well calculated to repay the labour of cultivation. The little fellow was delighted to see the new gentleman take part in his sports, and run with him over his usual haunts; and before the end of the second day, became so familiarized to him, that he willingly consented to go homewith him—a circumstance that greatly relieved the mind of the invalid, for she had been long so completely wrapped up in this only darling, that the fear of giving him pain superseded every other; and she had determined to deny herself the pleasure of seeing him, though it was her only comfort during the remainder of her life, that he might be spared the pain of hearing or seeing any thing, at the time of her decease,



decease, which might sadden his little heart, or interrupt the course of his amusements. Yet the good woman could not part with him without shedding tears, which the little fellow affectionately wiped off her cheeks, with the corner of his frock, saying—"Don't cry, granmama; when I come back to you, I will never leave you any more."

"That is very true, my sweet Charles; our next meeting will, I trust, keep us together for ever and ever."

"I am sure it will," said Charles, unconsciously, but very feelingly.

Sir Edward shortened a scene that affected him exceedingly; and bidding a most respectful and tender adieu to the good old lady, he took her precious deposit in his arms, and hastened to the carriage. The little boy sighed as they drove off, and continued to look out of the window a long time, with a disconsolate air; at length turning to the baronet, he said—"I hope it is not a great long way to your house, because  
because

because papa and mama are a long way, and granmama used to cry when she talked about it, and perhaps she will cry again if I go a great long way too. I had rather have stayed with her, and not gone to see your pretty poney, and your little dogs, and the rest of the things you told me of—I think we had better go back.”

Sir Edward, with overflowing eyes, caught the boy to his breast—the child gazed at him a moment, and burst into tears.

“What is the matter, my dear boy?”

“You cry, and granmama cried, and—and I wanted to cry, and so—and so I cannot help it.”

Delighted with the sensibility of a child so young, and in general so rude and noisy, the baronet did every thing possible to sooth and reassure him; and soon found the tear, at his blest age, was indeed “forgot as soon as shed,” and that his prattle, though sometimes troublesome, beguiled the dreary way, and awoke, with  
increased

increased force, every desire he had ever felt of becoming a father. He rejoiced exceedingly in his prospect of enjoying that blessing; and his eager, impetuous mind, pursuing with avidity this new stimulus, wrought itself into a belief that on *this* alone depended all his future happiness. He began to entertain fears that had no foundation, and hopes that could not be realized; thus proving, that the most natural and amiable desires, when they are allowed to become a passion, destroy the happiness and injure the character of those who indulge them.

As it was impossible that so young a child could travel in the same rapid way sir Edward had adopted on his route to receive him, he was obliged to stop two nights on the road—the third he expected to reach home. The shortness of the days made him anxious not to lose a moment; and on arriving at Ferrybridge, where he had proposed taking a lunch, which might serve for an early dinner, he determined  
to

to forego even that refreshment on his own account, and merely ask the landlady for something the child could take in the chaise. The moment he alighted, he told Tom to see after another chaise that moment; as he spoke, he walked into the inn. Tom turned towards the stable as soon as he had helped out the child, who, charmed with his accustomed liberty, exclaimed—"Oh, what a great big pond!" and scampered away to the river.

Sir Edward had just received half a dozen cheesecakes from the landlady, and was settling with her for them, when a child pulled him by the coat-lap, saying—"If you please, sir—"

The baronet turned his head, saw a little ragged boy, as he thought, begging, and giving him a shilling, again turned to the landlady, to inquire the length of the next stage? The child looked wistfully at the money a moment, not understanding it; but in another moment said—"If you

please, sir, yore little lad's fall'n into t' dyke."

Though sir Edward understood Yorkshire by this time pretty well, yet he did not comprehend this.

"Have you a child, sir?" said the landlady, hastily.

"No, ma'am."

"I tell you he's fall'n into t' dyke," repeated the poor lad, impatiently.

"Good God! it is somebody's child," said she, and ran forward.

The fact flashed at once on the baronet's mind. Shocked at his own want of comprehension, he ran out, calling to Tom, who was assisting the ostler. The poor boy led the way; but by this time two men, who had seen the child fall from the edge of a boat, (which laying close to the shore, he had got into by way of frolic,) had come down to the place; and one of them declared he saw a bit of the child's red coat sinking at a particular spot, but he durst not venture there, knowing its depth.

Sir

Sir Edward's eye followed the man's: he plunged in—saw the spot—caught at the coat, but it eluded his grasp. He found the water was indeed very deep; and though he was an excellent swimmer, the dreadful encumbrances of boots and a great-coat rendered every effort for some moments unavailing. Shrieks from the shore entreated him to provide for his own safety; and Tom getting into the boat, and holding out an oar towards him, begged him—“For God's sake!—for his lady's sake!” He heard not; he plunged farther into the stream—he was quite out of sight; and the spectators rent the air with their screams. He appears again, holding the body of the child with one hand, while the other faintly buffeted the waves. Tom flinging himself forward, received the child, and throwing it across his breast, assisted his master with a strong arm to rise; and in a minute his safe arrival was hailed on the shore. But whether the imprudent posture in which Tom had placed the poor child

had overwhelmed the last spark of life, or whether it was extinguished beneath the wave, was not known. In the opinion of all around, however, it was gone to rise no more.

Sir Edward heard no one's opinion. Hastily throwing off the encumbrance of his own heavy coat, he proceeded to undress the child, and to give orders for every means that could restore animation. Born to command, his orders were obeyed with alacrity; and in something less than an hour, he had the indescribable pleasure of hearing his own name pronounced by the reviving child, whose little cheek began again to glow with returning life.

Having given him a little warm wine, sir Edward had the satisfaction of seeing him in a few moments fall into a profound and salutary sleep, in which it was his intention he should remain undisturbed the rest of the night. As it appeared now impossible to reach the Grange, and as his promise of doing so had necessarily been conditional,  
since

since his movements had the convenience of his little charge solely in view, he hoped they would not wait for him to an unreasonable hour. On sending for Tom to signify his intentions, the latter said it was rather unlucky he had not told one of their neighbours, who went through soon after the accident happened, to send to the Grange, and tell them; "but for matter o' that, bad news travelled fast, and he shouldn't wonder, as the man had a good horse under him, if he got home soon enough to spread an account that the child was drowned, which would account to his lady for every thing."

"Order a chaise and four this instant!"

"But your honour has got all your wet things on yet, I declare."

"Fly this moment!"

Tom obeyed. The landlady made her appearance, and entreated him to change his dress, at least before he went into the cold chaise. Sir Edward said he felt no inconvenience, and only requested her to



wrap the child in the warm blanket as he lay, provide him with a pillow, and place him on his lap in the chaise. Giving her all the money he had about him, he requested her to distribute it among those who had assisted him with the child; and then, in spite of entreaties and remonstrances, he stepped into the carriage, arranged the situation of his invalid while the horses were fastening, and in a few moments set out at full speed for the Grange, from which he was yet distant nearly forty miles.

The same impatience which occasioned this rapid movement, and which arose from the fear of Griselda hearing any news which might alarm her, together with the rapidity of his motion, prevented him from experiencing much inconvenience during the first two stages; but on the third, when the prospect of accomplishing his object had abated his extreme anxiety, he was sensible of a cold shudder in his limbs, which returned at intervals, and made him fearful  
that

that he had taken a severe cold ; he wished now for the pocket-bottle of brandy which he had refused at Ferrybridge, and looked anxiously out to see any house, at which he could procure any thing that might prevent the progress of his cold ; but the night was dark, the road lonely ; and he resigned all hope of assistance till his arrival at the Grange.

Griselda, after waiting till midnight, had concluded, agreeable to his expectations, that he would not travel later with the child, and in the hope that he would dine with her on the morrow, had retired to rest. As, however, she felt some disappointment, though unmixed with alarm, she lay some hours awake ; and had only just sunk to repose, when Gilbert entering her room, said sir Edward was arrived, and she was afraid had been kept waiting some time, as he had drove to the back gates, and had found great difficulty in awakening the servants, with whom he seemed very angry.

Lady Langdale immediately threw on a

pelisse, and running down stairs, met her beloved in the passage, with the child in his arms. His face was pale, and his countenance discontented ; but as the lateness and coldness of the night naturally produced the one, and the vexations arising from his retarded arrival accounted for the other, she felt no alarm, but flew to welcome him with an expression of tenderness and joy calculated to sooth every little asperity ; but her appearance unfortunately increased the cloud on her husband's brow ; for as the great object of his anxiety was, at present, the care of *her* health, the moment he perceived she was disturbed, by defeating his end, awoke his anger ; and he made no other reply to her salutation, than by reproaching her for being so silly as to get out of bed, and insisting on her returning thither immediately.

Though Griselda was extremely pained by the manner in which this command was given, yet as it had her good in view, she endeavoured to reconcile herself to it, and  
only

only asked to take a peep at the child, who, she apprehended, was asleep.

“ I will really *thank* you, lady Langdale, to let the child alone, and *me* too, and return to bed immediately.”

Griselda *immediately* and *silently* obeyed. Sir Edward then informed Gilbert of what had happened, and she conveyed the poor child to her own bed, and then prepared some warm whey for her master; but he was now sensible of a stiffness in his limbs, and a general debility, which threatened the most unpleasant effects, from his neglect of himself; and he regretted, now it was too late, that he had not attended to the admonitions of those around him. During the period when he was employed in restoring animation to the child, he had totally forgotten himself; and when this was effected, he was no longer sensible of the inconvenience, for his clothes felt nearly dry; and the impulse given to his mind by Tom's information, had banished every thought, save that of preventing uneasiness

at home, until that period when bodily ailment prevailed over mental anxiety, and forced him to attend to himself.

The whey taken by sir Edward did not produce the desired effect; in the morning he was feverish, restless, and unwell; and not feeling any disposition to sleep, could not be prevailed upon to continue in bed. Whilst at breakfast, the person Tom had spoken of fulfilled his prediction, by coming to the Grange to inform lady Langdale, that the little boy sir Edward was bringing had got drowned, and that most people at Ferrybridge was afraid it would be the death of the baronet, as he had almost killed himself with getting the child out of the water.

As all this was related to Gilbert, who now considered it as a good joke, she introduced her nursling and her tale together, and both were well received. Lady Langdale was delighted to see the child of her dear friend, and heard, with wonder and gratitude, of the dreadful escape he had

had so recently experienced, from the courage and kindness of her husband : and sir Edward rejoiced exceedingly, that, by persevering in his journey homewards, he had saved her from the shock this country newsmonger must have inevitably occasioned her. He now shook off, as much as possible, his indisposition ; and though still evidently far from well, ordered his horse to be saddled, and said he would ride to the colliery.

Charles, who knew only him, and was more attached to him than ever, since he had understood that he got him out of the water, and remembered with what kindness he had held him in his arms all the night, began to cry the moment he spoke of going out ; and nearly an hour was spent in reconciling him to the ladies ; whom, at length, he allowed were good ladies, but not so good as sir Edward. As they had breakfasted very late, the day had advanced far before sir Edward set out ; and Griselda expressed a wish that he

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would

would defer his ride till the morrow, especially as the clouds portended rain; but he answered that he felt so much pain and stiffness in his limbs, he thought equestrian exercise would relieve him; that he should not take Tom, as the child knew him, and might want him in his absence; that he should be at home in less than two hours, even if the rain kept off, as, in that time, it would be dark, and would be dinner-time.

Sir Edward mounted his horse with difficulty, but he rode off with spirit; and Griselda, in the hope that a short ride might be beneficial to him, returned to her young companion, with all that affectionate interest and engaging suavity so natural to her; she had already provided playthings in abundance, and was desirous of becoming the companion of his sports; but although the child made many efforts to play, he was still too languid and unwell to be capable of exertion. Griselda wished him to sit on her knee, but he preferred  
lying

lying on the sofa, at the same time requesting that Tom might sit beside him.

When Tom was summoned for this purpose, he was requested by the ladies to relate more particularly the events of yesterday; and as he had no higher pleasure than to make his master the hero of his tale, he proceeded, with no little circumlocution, to detail all the dangers sir Edward encountered—all the exclamations made by the landlady and the chambermaids against such a handsome gentleman drowning himself for the sake of a child that was none of his own; and, moreover, his own share in giving his master a lift; and the wonderful joy that was expressed by every body on their safe landing.

“But how can you call it a *safe* landing, Tom, when you considered the poor child completely dead?”

“Every one’s for his self, my lady, in this world, I take it; and as I’d got his honnor—(thof, to be zure, I was sorry to zee poor little master here, like a dead carcass,



carcass, as it were—<sup>and</sup> poor lamb, thinks I, 'thee be gone at a good time!') but if master had died, he'd a gone in the best of his days; an that would ha' been shocking past every thing; such a many on us would a been afflicted; for ye may be zure, my lady, *in all that*, came into my head, and I did not know, axing pardon for speaking so free, but I didn't know whether ye or I would ha been maist to be pitied, madam."

Griselda smiled at Tom's conclusion, while she twinkled away a tear that his recital had brought into her eye; she now looked towards the window, and perceived that it was beginning to rain, and remarked, that from the unusual gloom, it looked more like a thunder-storm than November rain, and she wished that sir Edward was in the house. As the little boy had dropped asleep on the sofa, Tom rose to look out for his master; and as the rain increased every moment, he prudently put the horses in the carriage, and set off on the road

road to the colliery in quest of him ; at the same time, he sent the farmer-boy down a lane, which sir Edward sometimes used for nearness, with an umbrella.

These servants were scarcely dispatched, when the rain descended in torrents, and the darkness of the clouds intercepted the little daylight which remained : every moment Griselda listened with impatience for the sound of the horses feet, or the carriage wheels, but neither were heard : the farmer and gardener were sent out, but, like the first, they returned not : an universal alarm pervaded the house ; and the female servants, throwing gowns and aprons over their heads, were running out perpetually on every side, and shouting aloud ; but no voice answered them : a kind of general silence and despair sat on every countenance ; while their alarmed lady ran from door to door, inquiring on every side, and listening to every sound ; with difficulty prevented by Miss Templeman from following the farmer in his search in the park.

park. While in this state of dreadful anxiety, it flashed upon her mind that sir Edward had sometimes cut his road short by crossing a little dingle, at no great distance from the house, but extremely bad for a horse to pass ; at the moment this struck her, the house-maid, who had been listening at the back gates, returned into the house, with a large lanthorn in her hand—“ Follow me, Anne,” cried Griselda, snatching the lanthorn, and darting out of the house with incredible speed,

Anne followed, as well as she was able, having the advantage of the light to guide her. Twice her mistress fell on the slippery path, and Anne screamed aloud, but the voice of her lady was not heard ; in silent and suspended agony, she reached the dingle, when a sound first broke on the silence around ; it was that of a horse struggling with the branches of trees, which having caught his bridle, intercepted his flight. Griselda saw her fears realized ; she rushed forward, with nerves strung for exertion

exertion by the pressure of distress. In a few moments, she saw sir Edward on the ground, and a faint half-uttered shriek escaped her as she pressed forward; the slippery soil again betrayed her feet, and she fell upon the ground; the lanthorn dropping from her hand, fell upon sir Edward, who exerted himself to save it, at the same time exclaiming—"Good Heavens, Griselda! what brings you here?"

"*Heaven, itself, undoubtedly,*" she answered, revived by hearing his voice, and endeavouring to raise him.

"I fear my leg is broken; where are the servants?"

Anne at this moment assisted her mistress; but the violent pain the baronet experienced, and the exhausted state he was in, occasioned him to faint, and the alarm Griselda felt left her in a state little better. Anne rent the air with her cries, which happily attracted both the gardener and the farmer, though in different directions; and both, in a short time, drew towards

wards the spot, cheering the distressed group by their hallooing. Sir Edward, opening his eyes, found his wife kneeling on the ground, holding his head on her breast, while Anne was chafing his temples and his hands : though extremely ill, the consciousness that she was running the risk of her own life, and that of the little being, whose existence had of late excited such an over-weening interest in his heart, at once rushed on his mind, and with the little strength remaining he put her from him, and commanded her to take care of herself.

"My love, my life!" cried Griselda, "do not repulse me thus ; in preserving you, I am taking care, the only care of myself that is possible."

"You are a fool," said the baronet, nastily.

Wounded to the very heart, Griselda arose, and the men in a few moments appearing, she directed them, rather by signs than words, how to carry him home, leading  
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ing herself the way. At a short distance from the house, she was met by Miss Templeman and Tom; the latter immediately assisted in carrying his master, while the former flew back to the house to dispatch the bailiff for medical assistance, and prepare a couch for the baronet, who now soon arrived; and having drank a little warm wine, and being put into a warm bed, was so far revived as to give some account of his accident.

Sir Edward said, that during the whole of his ride, he was much troubled with cold shudderings; but being unwilling to relinquish his design, he rode round the colliery, when the rain warned him to return speedily; that on its increasing fast, he determined to gain home as soon as possible, as he found violent pains in all his limbs, and a vertigo in his head; that in crossing the dingle, these symptoms increased to such a degree, that he believed they occasioned him to fall from his horse; as he did not recollect any circumstance respecting

respecting the fall, until he found himself on the ground, and suffering violent pain in his foot and ankle, which utterly incapacitated him from rising; that having called for help until his strength was entirely exhausted, he had, at last, laid quietly down, in the hope that he should be found by some of his servants, being sometimes afflicted by violent pain, and at others, sinking into absolute insensibility.

From this account, given with difficulty, and at considerable intervals, it was apprehended that a fever had already seized upon him previous to the accident, which must have greatly accelerated its course; nor were these conjectures ill founded. On the arrival of the surgeon and physician, it was found that his leg was not broken, but dreadfully sprained, and that he had strong symptoms of violent rheumatic fever; which, in a few hours, produced every evil that could be feared by affection, or expected by skill.

Although this complaint had been in a  
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great measure brought on by carelessness, yet it would not yield to a contrary treatment; the most unremitting medical attention, the most unwearied vigilance in nursing, for many days appeared unable to make any impression on the violence of the disease. Racked by incessant pains, tormented by perpetual heat, or intolerable chilliness, unable to move, and yet ever restless, the baronet was an object of the sincerest pity to even the most thoughtless of his domestics; what then was the situation of her who felt his every pain with an accuteness those only know who live in the joys and sorrows of those they love, and who have a sensibility in this dearer self more exquisite than words can describe, or indifference conceive? But the sorrows of lady Langdale, at this afflicting period, were rendered more dreadful, by the strange effect this severe suffering seemed to produce on the mind of her husband: far from finding that *her* cares could sooth his pains, or *her* exertions



tions contribute to his comfort, she could seldom do any thing that he approved ; and yet her absence appeared to distress and irritate him. He always insisted upon her leaving him every night at a certain hour, and yet, during the time she was absent, his attendants observed that his fever always increased, from his anxiety for her return ; and yet if they ventured to fetch her, this opposition to his will never failed to increase the evil they sought to remove. He would frequently refuse all food or medicine from any hands but hers ; yet if he observed the least tremor in her hand, or redness in her eye, he would angrily reject her services, and insist on her quitting the apartment ; thus exhibiting a species of consideration which was kind in intention, but cruel in effect ; and which spared the person, while it wounded the heart of its object.

END OF VOL. III.

















